

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I returned this week from a trip to Winnipeg, more than ever impressed with the great problem of what shall we do with the great wastes of the West? Between here and there there is no great portion of the land that is arable; in fact, after leaving Gravenhurst there are but few good farms, and these are separated by hills and mountains of rock, lakes and desolate fire-swept forests which promise little to the settler. In the free-grant lands of north-western Ontario sheep farming is finding favor; splendid mutton is grown on the rocky fields, the somewhat scant grass and herbs being particularly well adapted as fodder for sheep. Much of the rocky country is no worse than the mountains of Scotland, where herdsmen find the sheep business profitable.

The greatest waste of all seems to be the enormous number of lakes, many of them but poorly stocked with fish. There is no more important article of diet than could be cultivated in these waters, and, as I have pointed out before, it seems to me the duty of the Government to go very largely into the breeding of fish. I see the returns show that in 1893 the lake fisheries yielded to American fishermen ninety-one million pounds, while the Canadians took twenty-nine million pounds, of an aggregate value of nearly four million dollars. This, of course, does not show the large amount of food which settlers and people residing in the neighborhood of the lakes catch and consume. This is essentially the lake country of the world. To produce good fish one must have reasonably cold and pure water, and as we have all the conditions the fish industry of Canada should be one of the leading features in the task of our Government.

I am told that in a Western lake a man with limited capital is making fifteen thousand dollars a year freezing and exporting fish to the United States. In four years his net profit was sixty thousand dollars, and he has made this with fish at less than five cents a pound placed on the cars in the neighborhood of Winnipeg. He is not adding to, but depleting, the waters which he finds so generous in the yield of revenue, and there is a very great laxness all over the country in preserving the fish both for sport and commerce. Many remote lakes that used to yield bountifully to the rod and fly are now almost useless for either the sportsman or net-fisherman. If the innumerable lakes that lie between here and the prairie country were taken care of as they should be, fishing would be a profitable business though prices might rule as low as two cents a pound. As yet the export of fish is only half organized, but in solving the food problem, which must be a great one in this country as the price of wheat and labor both decrease, the output of the lakes must necessarily be a great factor. Pork, being exportable in its most edible and nourishing form, will always be relied upon by the settler as a means of obtaining cash. A pound of fish, fresh and palatable, at two cents will always find ready sale in the home market, and the dried and salted article will also find a place where the price of labor is still lower than here.

The fishing business is one that has attracted the attention of a none too hard-working or frugal class. Its uncertainties are debarring those who desire a sure thing, no matter how small it is. Fishing in Canada can be made a sure thing, but the Government will have to amend its regulations and exercise a stricter supervision over those who take the fish either for sport or profit. It seems marvelous to me that with such an immense acreage of water there has been so little demand for a Fishing Policy. We criticize our governments for their temperance policy, their mining policy, their protective policy, and all sorts of things, but we seem to forget that one of our greatest resources is being depleted in one direction while being left unnoticed as to development.

While I am a Protectionist and believe there is no half-way house between a high tariff with Protection in view and absolute Free Trade, yet every day I am more thoroughly convinced that Canada's great opportunity of success lies in the direction of making this the cheapest country in the world to live in. While the United States was successful for many years in keeping up the price of labor and booming its manufactures, Canada tried the same thing and made a distinguished failure. It never seemed to strike our legislators that we could have developed ourselves much more profitably in a different way. The whole scheme of the republic was to make living expensive, keep up the price of everything and establish an unnatural condition of things. Their very success in such an effort brought about the frightful commercial crisis from which they are just emerging. Our feeble imitation—both by Liberal and Conservative Governments—of their policy simply disturbed the people at home and induced our youth to migrate southward. What I have to suggest may not be within practical politics, but it is the most natural condition under which any country could exist.

The older lands have to maintain great military organizations and necessarily impose burdens upon the people which might be entirely done away with in a new country like this. Our idea of government here has been a semi-paternal one and our expenditure has been on a magnificent plan. This was no doubt necessary at the outset, but I contend

that it is entirely unnecessary now. Suppose Canada were to try the experiment of having no custom houses, no internal revenue offices, no tax-gatherers except those which now collect the assessments in the municipalities—at once an army of officials would be discharged and millions saved. Anybody who desired to bring goods in here could bring them in; anyone who desired to make whisky or beer or wine might make it—at once the temperance people would say Canada would become the most intemperate country on earth. Not at all. Supposing Prohibition were to be enforced, we would lose all the taxes on liquor that we now obtain, and the loss of revenue under the plan I suggest would be no greater than under Prohibition. The temptation to maintain illicit breweries and distilleries would be no greater under this absolute Free Trade condition than under Prohibition. The localities would have to rely upon their police to prevent the sale or consumption of liquor; the local symptom of the manufacture or sale of strong drink is Intemperance, and where this symptom was found the source of supply would necessarily have to be sought for. If we adopted the Gothenburg system, that is, the government monopoly of the sale of strong drink, it would matter little to anybody who made the liquor or where it was made, so long as by the sale of it the Government got all the

ize a colony, our expenditure will be scrutinized in a way that it never has been and we could be absolutely sure of the greatest possible frugality in the management of public business. It would be useless for a member of Parliament to return to his constituency and talk the old flag and the wealth of the country to people who know that his vote in the House of Commons imposed upon them a distinct and burdensome tax of five or ten dollars a year. These votes are not criticized now because the money is raised by the exceedingly expensive machinery of a customs and inland revenue service. We all know that the construction of a culvert in a township is more sharply watched than the building of such a structure as that which was surrounded by that odious thing the "Curran Bridge Scandal." Jones and Smith on the town line of Tamarack township may read a history of this in their weekly paper without feeling that they have been robbed of a moiety of their own money by the rascally conduct of those in charge of the construction of the bridge in question, but if they read their annual tax-paper and find their share of that stealage in black and white they will appreciate the fact as no orator or literature can make them appreciate it under our present system of indirect taxation. I believe that if we simplified our system we could pay off the national debt in ten years and be taxed less than we are

government would also be reduced to a minimum; the trading in post-offices, customs-houses, drill sheds, would also disappear, for the localities having charge of the raising of the Federal revenue would certainly insist on directing the expenditure of such portion of it as would be for their local benefit. Thus, without any taint of socialism or abandonment of the great projects which a nation must always engage in, we would reduce our plan of government to a natural, cheap and honest system.

I hope no one will denounce this scheme as Quixotic or visionary and with the ready wit of an uninformed mind make fun of it as the ideal of one who has found a modern Utopia, for I have carefully thought it out and have canvassed it with many leading public men, all of whom admit the soundness of the premises and the logic of the conclusion. All of them, however, insist that it is impossible to establish such a system at present. Talking with one of the strongest Free Traders and ablest of the Liberal stumpers in Canada, he agreed with me absolutely in every detail. "Yet," said he, "the thing is impracticable. Why, it would ruin every manufacturer in Canada, and we should consider that those who have invested their money in manufactures have some rights." Right there is where I had

the hands of half a score of middlemen and which has been taxed from the time of its making until the time its retail price is fixed, one knows comparatively nothing. Consequently I contend that unless we maintain a Protective tariff we should go back to the primitive, cheap and proper system of minding our own business at the smallest possible expense; making it possible for people to live here more cheaply than elsewhere; attending to and developing our resources, farming, mining, fishing and the production of the necessities of life at the lowest possible rate. If we do this and people can buy everything they use more cheaply here than elsewhere, and can raise or manufacture that which is natural to the country under the least burdensome conditions, we will have an ideal country attractive to the industrious and frugal the world over.

Each community will largely depend upon itself, everything will be watched with the jealous eye of the local taxpayer and not with the generous freedom of the man who thinks he does not have to lose any of the money that is wasted. Until we can have this let us maintain a Protective tariff: there is no middle ground. Any attempt to compromise will simply put us in the preposterous position of being attractive to no one, whether he be manufacturer, merchant, farmer or artisan. If we wait to do this some other nation will come in ahead of us and gain all the benefits of the wonderful advertisement the cheapest system would be to a country.

I contend that it would not injure the manufacturer. In talking with Mr. L. M. Jones, general manager of the Massey-Harris Company, he told me that if they had free raw material they would not need a Protective tariff, but if they do not have free raw material or something equivalent that their manufacturing concern will have to go where they can have the conditions enjoyed by their principal competitors. I believe that absolute Free Trade such as I have outlined would build up the cities as well as the rural districts of Canada. If we get plenty of people we will have big cities, big businesses, great opportunities to get rich. It is no use having a warehouse full of goods if we have no customers. We have the warehouse, we have the goods; we must attract the people. How! is the great question. Certainly not by any one-horse imitation of the Protective tariff of the United States—we have tried that and failed—but if we do not stick to Protection let us try the other, and I am quite sure that we will marvel at our success and be consumed with contempt for our judgment at not having tried the experiment long ago.

The report that Mr. W. R. Meredith was likely to accept a chief-justiceship has proved true, though all his friends had sincerely hoped that he would yet see his way clear to serving his province in his present capacity. No one doubts for a moment the magnificent equipment as a lawyer and man of large mind and broad ideas which he will take to the bench, but Canada has too few such men in politics, and this province had hoped yet to see Mr. Meredith Premier.

It is to be hoped that the large class of people who exert themselves more in sympathizing with the condemned criminal than with the honest pauper, feel quite satisfied now that MacWherrell has had his sentence commuted. If he is guilty of murdering the Williamses hanging is far too good for him, and if he is innocent he should be set at liberty. The jury felt no doubt when they convicted him that he was the man. Had he been hanged he would have been no loss to the community, and if, in the manner of the Texas court who tried a man for horse-stealing and acquitted him and then hanged him on general principles, MacWherrell had suffered the severest penalty of the law, both he and the community would have been better off, for now he is deprived of all that is worth living for and law-abiding people have to pay his board. It is true he may be proven innocent later on, but the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine against one, and if capital punishment is to be set aside on the basis of one chance in a thousand it should be abolished altogether. In his trial his own evidence helped to convict him, and his Reasons Why he Should Not be Hanged and his conduct since his sentence was commuted both add to the very general impression that the gibbet has been cheated.

The unseemly wrangle in the Ontario Jockey Club as viewed from the outside can only result in injuring the status of the association which has so successfully provided the race-going community with such splendid sport. Naturally Toronto people sympathize mostly with those at the Toronto end of the quarrel, yet as the affair has developed I think the adherents of the Hendrie party are increasing in number. Of course nothing can justify the original circumstances in which some members of the Hendrie family had so conspicuous a place. I suppose nothing really can justify a row or the use of physical force, yet when we get into a temper we all do more or less the same things. The pounding of a reporter is not the way to obtain newspaper sympathy, nor is the line of conduct pursued by Mr. T. C. Patteson likely to arouse any enthusiasm on the other side. We have to thank him for very creditable services in connection with the Jockey Club, yet even more frequently than has been the case with Mr. Hendrie has Mr. Patteson forgotten that he personally was



DETECTION.

profit and the conditions surrounding the sale of it were the most favorable which could be created. If Canada were to adopt this simple system of having every locality furnish police for itself, with a government insisting that law and order should be maintained everywhere, the well behaved section of the country would not be thrice taxed in order to prevent evil-doing in a disorderly community.

The question might be asked: How would the revenue be raised? I think this is easily answered: Every municipality would be obliged to furnish its proportion and it would be raised on the same plan as the school and other taxes are now raised. The work of the general government would be vastly reduced, the expenses of the departments would be more than cut in two, but the responsibilities of the Government would be increased. Provinces would no longer obtain subsidies raised by a customs tariff, but every province would have to stand on its own feet and find its own funds. When such works as are absolutely necessary for the development of the whole country were undertaken, the representatives from the various constituencies would at once come face to face with the question: How will another mill on the dollar in my county affect myself and the Government? If it is to be expended for the building of a wild-cat road from some point in Quebec to some unknown region where some unknown missionary is trying to organ-

now.

Then as to results, we admit that what we need most in this country is PEOPLE. We have the greatest country under the sun. Even with our somewhat rigorous winters the opportunities for maintaining the human species are greater in Canada than in any other country in which I have ever been. A man need not own a dollar's worth of land or have a hundred dollars capital, yet he can build himself a house, have a few acres of ground by one of our thousand of lakes, and live easily on what his net, and rod, and gun, and hoe can produce for him. The conditions of his life would be considered luxurious by seven tenths of the people of Europe. With no taxes on clothing or the other necessities of life, we would reduce the expense of his livelihood to a minimum.

Granted, for argument's sake, that Canada could be made the cheapest country to live in, and granted, because we know it is true, that it is the easiest country, outside of those enervating climates in the South, to make a living in, would we not necessarily attract people? Being an absolutely Free Trade country, the people of the United States would buy their goods here and it would take an army of customs officers on their side of the line a million strong to prevent smuggling. The opportunities and inducements for corrupt

him! I reminded him that he had been talking Free Trade all over the country and that the Revenue tariff, of all things, would most certainly destroy manufacturers without building up the country or attracting the people of the world. The plan that I propose would not injure manufacturers half so much as a so-called revenue-tariff. Unless we keep the tariff high enough to supply the artificial atmosphere for the manufacturers who exist here, under circumstances which are not natural to the country, they will be ruined anyhow, and yet the tariff will be sufficiently high to prevent an influx of people.

What I urge is this: Either a tariff with the greatest possible Protection in view, or absolute Free Trade and an abolition of the army of officers who now live upon us without our knowing just how much they consume and all that we are taxed to raise. There may seem to be a good many weak spots in this system I suggest, yet from beginning to end I can defend it and prove that it is the only system outside of Protection that a country like Canada can afford to adopt. It is founded on the sound principle that every community can police itself more cheaply than it can be done by a general government; that the tax can be raised on what you have or sell more cheaply than it can be raised upon what you buy, for what one has or sells one understands the value of; of what one buys that comes through

not the entire Jockey Club. When it comes to the question of examining which has the better temper or of adding up the number of times when attempts have been made to bully the Club and the public, it is quite possible that Mr. Patterson would find himself proprietor of the medal which is given to men who are not particularly regardless of the rights or feelings of others. Then, again, in the serving of an injunction based on the purchase of shares by the Hendrie party, we find another method of controlling a social club which is quite as indefensible as the obtaining of the presidency by the acquiring of stock which was held by people who apparently had no preferences either way.

It was certainly wise to leave the settlement of the dispute to a committee of gentlemen who will no doubt recommend that all those concerned in the matter should temporarily retire. The Jockey Club can live without them, for a year at least, and I do not say this in an offensive way, because all of them have been of the very greatest service in providing well contested, well conducted and honest races. It must be remembered, however, that neither you nor I can stop the world from going around, and though we may become possessed of the idea that everything will go to pieces if our eyes and hands are removed from the manipulation of the concern, should death or a failure to get the necessary number of votes detach us from the board of management, yet both we and our friends may be amazed at the uninterrupted progress and prosperity following our retirement. It cannot be believed that the section of this community which has to do with social and sporting clubs can approve for a moment of control being obtained by the use of either money or influence, nor does it strengthen the position of such institutions when attempts are made to use both; consequently, both should be condemned by the committee and a new board elected, from which the stately figure of Mr. Hendrie and the aggressive person of Mr. Patterson may be omitted. Everybody would regret such an absence, for both have been energetic and useful, but it cannot be forgotten that neither of them is prepared to endure the presence of the other and that neither of them is absolutely necessary to the existence of the Club.

It is inconceivably shocking to the people of Toronto when the breath of scandal touches an alderman. Toronto's ideal of the aldermanic personage has always been perhaps unduly exalted. He is chosen with such care from the most cultured and conspicuous ranks of the people that those who accuse him of misdeeds or evil intentions are at once frozen by the stony stare of those not possessed of a suspicious mind. The allegation that six aldermen—it would be bad enough if there were only one—combined together to blackmail the Toronto Electric Light Company can hardly be believed, and yet the Toronto Electric Light Company is itself so honorable and philanthropic an institution that their very downcast eyes, when a leading question is asked them, make us feel that something is wrong. Suspicion having once entered the public mind the wonderment centers naturally around the region of this scandalous charge. Those who have a greater attachment for the Electric Light Company than for the aldermen will point with pride to the magnificent display of virtue shown by the institution which resisted—without profit to itself—a monetary suggestion, while on the other hand the aldermanic worshipper will insinuate that the Electric Light Company, having been unable to capture certain men, proceeded to assume a virtue which it possesses not. The whole situation is passing strange in a city which is noted all over the continent for its purity, and even if both are partially right and both are a little bit wrong, or one is right and one is wrong, or if it be a mere matter of sensational journalism, we are still left groping sadly in the dark as to how these reporters, or these electric light men, or these aldermen ever escaped the marvelously good influences which are known to be paramount in this city. If such a thing had happened in New York or in Chicago it would be understandable, but for it to happen in Toronto, where the parsons tell us no one is elected to office or permitted to sit high in the synagogue unless he is absolutely good, is beyond conception.

I would be derelict in my duty if I did not point out the alacrity with which the Mayor has insisted on an investigation. Of course we could not expect him to have discovered the evil itself, but after it had become the property of the public through the newspapers he has expressed himself as determined to leave no stone unturned in the investigation of the charges. Toronto is rich in the advantages she enjoys, geographically, commercially, morally and in every way, but her greatest wealth, after all, is her Mayor. The singular freak of fortune which gave Toronto this treasure will live in history and prove beyond doubt the singularly good judgment of those who have been in search of a chief executive. His re-election by an overwhelming majority is not within the region of discussion; it is a certainty. Nine months of his period of office have already passed, and on no occasion has he ever been discovered without being dressed in the most faultless form. In fact, the man would be likely to suffer bodily violence who would assert that on any occasion Mayor Kennedy has been anything but a perfect lady. Possibly those whose admiration for him is less intense than my own might say that he was a little faulty a couple of times, once when he forgot his manners in refusing to recognize a visiting association and again when he forgot his speech on a similar occasion, but why should these trifles be urged against so great a man? My own opinion is that there should be no more unseemly wrangling over the office of mayor. We have a man who absolutely suits the city, as was proven by his majority, and who without doubt is the most faultlessly attired and voluble gentleman who could be procured for the position of bowing to visiting strangers. Anybody who clamors for more is so obviously excessive in his demands that he should be sat upon immediately. To have the honorary

secretary of the Methodist Conference in our midst should make us proud; to have him Mayor should make us almost unendurably happy.

Having settled municipal and federal politics to my liking, and consequently having relieved the public from several otherwise difficult tasks, permit me to bid you good evening. Don.

Mr. C. S. Hyman of London will be a great man yet. As companion to Mr. Laurier in his tour to the Pacific coast he has introduced certain novelties that stamp him a genius, and should Laurier resign the leadership we may anticipate that a hoarse shout for Hyman will come reverberating across the continent from the Liberals of Kamloops. Mr. Hyman at that place, instead of talking tariff, started a shot-putting contest with one of the sturdy citizens, tackled him in a broad jump and pretended to get deceived in the big man's weight, and was forced to set up the cigars for the populace of East Kootenay. It is safe to bet that if Mr. Hyman had expressed a desire for one of the mountains it would have been pulled up by the roots and thrust upon him. Until the arrival at Kamloops the tour of the Liberal leader and his accomplices was uneventful. No person any longer attaches importance to a speech-making tour. No more innocuous amusement could be indulged in by a public man. It would be perfectly safe to offer a big reward for the production of a man who had changed his politics because of appeals made to his reason. To argue with a man on politics is like hitting a cork with the palm of your hand when you want to get at the contents of a bottle—you may possibly tighten it, but you certainly cannot draw it out or drive it through. But Mr. Hyman started an athletic contest and got the worst of it, and got tangled up in a speculation as to a man's weight and lost that too, and the whole mountain moping country may be marked "fixed" for the Liberals.

The only way to counteract the effect produced by the wily Hyman is for Sir John Thompson, T. Mayne Daly and a couple of Conservative sprinters and caber-tossers to make at once for the Rockies. If a college-bred man wants to get on friendly terms with a yokel he must suppress his knowledge and get the other to explain to him the mysterious workings of a threshing machine or something of the sort. Get on to a man's hobby if you would interest him; tackle him at his own game and let him beat you if you would make a friend. A certain commercial traveler, who knows human nature like a book, travels all through the back portions of Ontario getting beaten at checkers wherever he goes, and taking orders in a way that knocks his rivals silly. In a recently published hotel card of a house in Silverton, B.C., it was announced as a superlative inducement to tourists and possible settlers that no attention was paid to the game laws and no churches existed in the place. It is recorded that on last St. Andrew's night seventeen gentlemen drank eighteen quarts of Scotch whisky without one of them being unable to reach home of his own accord. What is the use of a public man taking his dignity across the mountains? What do the people care about the tariff or dual languages? What they want is to see some of the great men stagger up against the local records and get the worst of it. If Laurier wants to sweep British Columbia let him shoulder his gun and go to Silverton and pay no attention to the game laws nor enquire for a church. Let him select a well-seasoned Scot from among his followers to hold up his colors at the next St. Andrew's dinner. These ideas will no doubt occur to him naturally as he realizes how Mr. Hyman brought about the conquest of Kamloops by suffering a judicious defeat in athletics.

This paper is not devoted to the encouragement of prize fighting, but it is impossible for a man who reads the papers and talks to acquaintances to be unaware of what is going forward in regard to the heavy-weight championship. I happened to see Corbett when in Toronto and he impressed me as intellectually and socially superior to any of his class whom I have run across. Of course opinion differs as to whether he or Jackson was responsible for these two meetings, but to look at, he is incalculably superior to the vast, awkward Ethiopian. The middle-weight champion has been worrying him for a battle, and Corbett has come out with a challenge that is perhaps the most remarkable ever issued. He offers, any time after the first of next July, to defend the championship at New Orleans every night for a week in six fights to a finish, against any six men in the world, and to back himself every night with a bet of ten thousand dollars at even money. He says he will engage in this fighting carnival and then retire permanently from the ring, and as a guarantee of good faith he deposits ten thousand dollars with a stakeholder. No matter how a man may abhor prize fighting, such a challenge as this must in some measure interest him. It shows a self-confidence that is remarkable, a faith in his muscle, his endurance and his skill that is seldom manifested. He shows as what physical man may attain to, and though his business be that of man-punching, I believe that Corbett is quite as clean and decent morally as thousands with whom we daily associate. The business of thumping pug-uglies and low rowdies for the gate receipts should be as acceptable to a man of sound moral culture as the business of defrauding inexperienced women in land deals, or playing the knave with men in any branch of trade or commerce. I hold him less a scamp who, in a pugilistic sense, would close with Peter Jackson than the one who, without heart or conscience, would close a mortgage on some other Peter's widow. I would rather see a man win a fortune by achieving the feather-weight championship than by dealing in coal and delivering seventeen hundred pounds to the ton. It was honest and braver for a man to attempt to thump Fitzsimmons for a purse than to get elected an alderman and attempt to blackmail an electric light company for an equal sum of money. It would better become a Christian to win a pot of money by out-scending Billy Plimmer than to turn in-

diary for the sake of the insurance upon a house, shop or factory. One of Private Mulvaney's maxims is, "Hit a man and help a woman and you can't be far wrong anyway." And it is not a bad one. It were better to dislocate a man's jaw than to ruin his sister, yet if you strip and enter the ring you are ostracized, whereas if you commit the graver, more cowardly and knavish offence you are not only still tolerated but are regarded as charmingly naughty in your social circle. Will proper relative valuation ever be put upon offences in this world? MACK.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday afternoon the roads about Toronto were alive with equestrians and traps, while the cycling fraternity swarmed by hundreds on the Kingston road. The Hunt Club had a meet at Davisville, at which I noticed: Messrs. Beardmore, Skinner, Patterson, McWhinney, Torrance, Warren, Eastbrook, Dr. Capon and Misses James and Lee. A real fox led the hounds a dance over a stiff country and was killed in the open. Miss Lee was presented with the brush.

A lot of smart turn-outs were at the hunt meet, and others bowed about the country east and west. The Lieut. Governor, who is a delightful whip, drove Mrs. Kirkpatrick for a jaunt east. Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther also took a spin over the Don with a couple of friends. The Misses Mackenzie, who adore riding, were two of a merry equestrian party; and, taking it altogether, the most was made of a beautiful sunny afternoon. The ride for the Dunlop trophy, which was participated in by a number of city cycling clubs, resulted in a tie, which unhappily ended in a dispute and the trophy is still unawarded. The Athenaeum and Royal Canadians are the clubs which claim the lordly vase.

Much interest and sympathy have been expressed in the illness of Mr. C. C. Baines, of which many exaggerated and contradictory reports were circulated. Mr. Baines is now under treatment at a celebrated nerve cure in the States, and is doing very satisfactorily, being also in a fair way to recovery from an injury resulting from a severe fall. His many friends will be glad to know of his welfare.

On Thursday of last week an impromptu birthday party consisting of a few intimate friends assembled to wish Miss Mabel Mackenzie many happy returns of the day. The object of these congratulations was really surprised, as she had been kept in ignorance of the plans of her well-wishers. A very pleasant evening with games and a carpet dance was spent, and after a dainty little supper the friends departed, leaving their best wishes for the fair lady in whose honor they had been bidden.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch have taken up house on St. George street, and the west side has thus secured another hostess who has made hosts of friends in Toronto.

On Friday of last week a distinguished party of visitors were in the city. Sir Charles and Lady Freemantle and General and Mrs. Fielding were fellow passengers of Colonel G. T. Denison on the outward trip last month, and during their short stay in Toronto Colonel Denison chaperoned them to many places of interest. A pleasant drive about the city on Friday, with afternoon tea at Rusholme, where Colonel Fred Denison was host, gave the distinguished visitors a pleasant memory of our Queen City to carry around the world.

Mrs. G. T. Denison, who remained over at Perth for a few days to visit her relatives on her return from England, reached Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Delamere, who have been at Heydon Villa during the summer, have returned to Cecil street.

Mrs. Cody has been receiving this week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Clarke of Jarvis street. Her reception gown was a perfect dream of pale green and pink, with sleeves before which the smartest efforts of local artists faded into insignificance. Everyone is glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cody back after their honeymoon.

Mrs. G. K. Nesbitt and daughter Nina, who have been visiting Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson of Grange avenue, returned to their home, Cowansville, Quebec, on Friday, September 28.

Mr. and Mrs. John Muldrew are now settled in their new residence, 64 Glen road, Rosedale, where Mrs. Muldrew will be at home to her friends the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Dr. Wickson, late resident doctor of the Home for Incurables, left this week to spend some time in England.

Dumbarton Hall, Port Hope, the residence of Mr. H. H. Burnham, was the scene of a fashionable ball on Friday evening given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Burnham, who will reside in Port Hope during the winter. Mrs. H. H. Burnham was assisted in receiving by Miss Burnham and Mrs. James G. Burnham. Corlett's music was, as usual, perfection, and the ball-room presented a scene of picturesque brilliancy, the costumes of the ladies being rich and artistic. The grounds were decorated with Chinese lanterns, the piazzas and conservatory offering a delightful retreat between the dances. The supper was complete in every appointment and delicately served. The dance will be long remembered as one of Port Hope's most delightful social functions.

Miss Birdie Mason of 16 Victoria crescent returned this week after spending two months visiting friends in Barrie and Allandale.

Miss Allie McKeough of Chatham has been for some weeks visiting in the city. She was first the guest of Mrs. Griffin of Prince Arthur avenue, and is now at Maplecroft with the Misses Gooderham.

Mr. George B. Sweetnam and Miss Alice Sweetnam are in Boston, Mass.

The Brantford papers state that Mrs. T. M. Harris has purchased a home in Toronto and

will shortly remove to this city. She will be sadly missed, not only in society circles, but in all religious and charitable works, and her departure will be deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Grenville P. Kleiser have taken up their residence at 280 Jarvis street, where Mrs. Kleiser will be at home on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Mrs. William Barron will be at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, October 10 and 11, at her residence, 1261 College street.

Mrs. and Miss Hannaford recently returned from England. Miss Hannaford's studio teas, which are the cosiest of informal affairs, were delightful last year, and the fair artists under her instruction are at work again with unabated ardor since the return of the mistress of the studio. One bright face is missed from the circle since Miss Edna Pearson became Mrs. Carter in May. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Carter have a charming home in Montreal now, and those who have visited them say a warm welcome awaits old Toronto friends.

Sir Casimir Gzowski, who has quite recovered from his late illness, which, by the way, was a good deal exaggerated, left for the Old Country this week.

Sir Frank Smith has recovered from his severe accident in a rapid and satisfactory manner, and will soon be his own hearty self again. A long life, well lived, stands one in good stead in such a shaking-up as Sir Frank was the victim of a few weeks ago.

Mrs. J. Jucherau Kingmill has been entertaining a couple of attractive guests this week.

Mrs. A. J. Somerville has her sister-in-law, Mrs. Young of Winnipeg, and two children, staying with her for the winter.

Mrs. Tait and her little daughter left for Montreal on Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty of the Queen's Park gave a very smart afternoon reception and tea on Saturday last. The charming weather was all that was needed to transform what is often a crush and a suffocation into a delightful summer function. The grounds and the guests looked their very prettiest, and everyone enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

Mrs. Cosby gave a tea at Maplehurst on Wednesday and the opportune clearing-up saved her hospitality from being drowned in showers. Everybody was delighted to see the mistress of the mansion again in the role of hostess, looking very well and bright after her long absence. Major Cosby, who had been away for a day or two, returned in time to be, as he always is, an ideally jolly and successful host.

Miss Tuck of Orangeville is visiting Mrs. Evelyn Denison of Bellevue avenue.

Mrs. Elwood and family, who lately occupied Mr. Brown's house on Sherbourne street, have since their return from Muskoka been stopping at the Rossin. Mrs. Ted Worthington has been visiting Mrs. Elwood, who with Miss Elwood is going to New York with Mrs. Worthington immediately.

Mrs. Kordans and Miss Houghton have arrived home after spending a delightful summer with their friends in England.

Mrs. Street Macklem leaves for England immediately, and will spend the winter and spring abroad.

Miss Burns, daughter of Mr. John Burns of Simcoe street, has returned home after spending six months in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Burns will leave shortly for the South, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Maggie Gooderham will leave in a few days for a trans-atlantic trip.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock, who had an unusually quick voyage to England in the Lucania will not be long away. She is, I hear, to be back this month.

Wycliffe College was en fete on Tuesday evening for Convocation. Lots of pretty girls attended the affair. It is easy to forget the good fortune of the next generation of society when one sees the fairness of the buds at such functions as this.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie of Kingston took in Toronto on their wedding trip and were guests at the Victoria Club dance on Thursday. Captain Ogilvie is attached to the Royal Artillery.

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Music.

The Montreal Philharmonic Society, which for some years has been recognized as the most ambitious and progressive of Canadian musical organizations, will this year have a stronger and more efficient chorus than ever. Popular performances of The Messiah and Creation will be given as usual at Christmas and Easter respectively. The regular series of festival concerts will take place in April and are to consist of three evening performances and one matinee. In response to a general request the Society will repeat Wagner's Flying Dutchman, which proved the crowning triumph of last season's work. Saint Saens' Samson and Delilah will also be given, as well as a third work which has not yet been definitely decided upon but will be announced shortly. A miscellaneous concert devoted largely to standard orchestral works and orchestral novelties will constitute the matinee. Besides the above events a symphony orchestra has begun rehearsals under Mr. G. Couture, director of the Montreal Philharmonic. A season of opera, by the Hinrichs Opera Company, in English and a regular series of performances by a French company from Paris, make up the principal operatic enterprises. Some twenty-eight works in all are promised by the two companies.

Mr. H. W. Webster, the well known vocal teacher, has been appointed instructor in voice culture at Haverhill Hall Ladies' College.

Two performances of Mr. O. B. Telgman's comic opera, The Royal Cadet, will be given in Kingston in November.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons of New York have received a telegram from Paderewski stating that owing to uncertain health he will be obliged to postpone his American tour until October, 1895. Paderewski is at present at Aix-les-Bains, where he is resting, his physicians having warned him that his nerves were overtaxed to such an extent as to render a complete withdrawal from the concert platform an imperative necessity. It is therefore probable that Friedhelm may be the only pianist of the first rank to visit Toronto this season.

The Belleville Philharmonic Society purpose giving The Messiah and a programme of miscellaneous part-songs at their first concert this season.

Mr. J. M. Boyce of Brantford, who for some seasons past has been engaged as organist at Zion Presbyterian church of that city, and as teacher of music at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, has resigned to accept a similar appointment in the United States. Mr. Frederic Rogers, the capable organist and choirmaster of Grace church, Brantford, succeeds Mr. Boyce as instructor at the Ladies' College.

Through an oversight the name of Miss Sullivan, pianist, was omitted from the list published in the advertisement of the Canadian Musical Agency last week. Miss Sullivan has placed her business affairs in the hands of the Agency.

The first rehearsal of the Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, was held on Monday evening last. There was a large attendance of old and new members, the recent additions to the strength of the club being of excellent material. An unusually well chosen programme of part-songs, etc., is being worked up, including compositions by Macfarren, Pissuti, Gaul, Fanning, Bennett and Gounod. The officers of the club are confidently looking forward to a very successful season's work.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have in the press an interesting series of pianoforte compositions by Mr. J. Lewis Browne, entitled Eleven Sketches. These pieces, which constitute Mr. Browne's op. 12, are varied in character and skilfully treated throughout. The same publishing house has issued an effective set of waltzes (The Four Hundred Select Waltzes), by Mr. J. Turner Gillard of Hamilton, which have been dedicated to the Thirtieth Band of that city and are to be added to the repertoire of that excellent organization.

Seldi's celebrated orchestra and Miss Blauvelt, the popular soprano, have been definitely engaged to give one grand concert in this city on November 20 in the Massey Music



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Hall. This important event will no doubt receive the generous patronage at the hands of our citizens which its merit entitles it to. Last season was remarkably uneventful so far as orchestral music was concerned, not a single important concert of this character having been given in Toronto. During the previous season, as a contrast, we were favored with no less than four visits by three of the principal organizations in the United States, including Thomas, Seidl and Damrosch. The good influence exerted by the visits of these standard orchestras is still being felt here, and it is hoped that the approaching concert by the Seidl orchestra will be patronized to an extent which may encourage visits of a similar nature by other representative bands during the season upon which we are entering, including the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has not yet appeared in Toronto.

The question of Sunday music is again being brought before the people of England with, it is reported, excellent prospects for success. The probabilities are that in the near future fine orchestral music will be given in the metropolises on Sunday afternoons on the lines of the famous Lamoureux and Colonne concerts in Paris.

Love's Subterfuge.

I was sitting out in front of the tavern in the West Virginia mountain town where I made my headquarters one summer, when a lank mountaineer, about twenty years old, rode up on a mule and greeted me by name, although I could not exactly place him. He dismounted, and coming to where I was he sat down quite close to me.

"Colonel," he said, in a low, cautious tone, "you kin respect a man's feelin's, can't yer?" "I think I can, if I know what they are," I answered, slightly uncertain as to what was expected of me.

"Well, I'm in this sort of a fix," he proceeded, very confidentially, after giving a hitch to the box he was sitting on. "I've been goin' ter see old man Mullins's gal Susan, an' she's tuck me like a wet kitten to a hot brick, but she kinder hankers after money."

"Most women do," I ventured. "I reckon yer more'n half right," he admitted, with a sigh. "Anyhow, Susan tol' me to-day I wuz too pore, an' when I disputed the pint she said ez how I didn't have a cent ter my name, an' when I tol' her she didn't know what she was talkin' about she up an' said she did, that ef I could show her seven dollars she'd nab me in two shakes us a lamb's tail. Then I said, I did, ez how I'd have to go home after hit, an' I come ter you. You gi' me the money, an' hol' that mule fer hit till I git back yer agin, won't yer?"

The proposition seemed fair enough, for the

young man was honest and very earnest, so I held the mule, and he went away on foot, holding the seven dollars. While he was gone I got to thinking, and when he came back I lay for him.

"Did you get her?" I asked, as I returned the seven dollars to my pocket. "In course I did," he replied triumphantly, "fer Susan's gal uv her word."

"By the way," I asked, as he mounted the mule, "why did you come to me for the money? The mule was worth a good deal more than seven dollars. Why didn't you call the young lady's attention to that?"

He winked slyly as he dug his heels into the mule's ribs. "Caze, Colonel," he laughed, "Susan knowed hit warn't my mule."

Then, as he rode away merrily towards Susan's I pondered profoundly on what a queer little cuss Cupid is.—Harper's Bazar.

"Was Miss Flimsy pleased with the new minister?" "Oh, dear, yes, I am sure from what she said." "What was it?" "She thought his sermon was so cute."

Isaacstein (to doorkeeper of poker room) Ish Jakey Isaacstein in dere? Doorkeeper—Yes, Isaacstein—Ish he ahead? Doorkeeper—Yes, Isaacstein—Tell him to come home quick; his fader ish dying.

"Jennie," said Mr. Younghusband, "each of these clothes-bags has got a hole in the bottom of it." "What clothes-bags? We haven't any clothes-bags." "Why, what's this I've been putting my collars and cuffs in all this week?" "Why, George! That's the sleeve of my ball-dress!"

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A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," &c.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Violet would not admit that she was ill, but she kept entirely to her room after Mr. Chester was gone, and she saw a little of her strength in the strength of her nature, and must needs be brooding over her wrongs and sorrows in the solitude which would have driven her raving mad.

One afternoon Stella walked into Stowborough, and had a long interview with Mr. Worsley, Kathleen and Nora, who had accompanied her, waited at a pastrycook's whilst she transacted her business and regaled themselves on jam puffs and gingerbeer.

"Times are mending," said Kathleen grandly, as she helped herself to a third tart and ordered the waitress to bring another bottle of gingerbeer. "Stella told us to have what we liked, and she always used to suggest a penny bun because it was filling at the price, and really believe that day is over. We shall drive into Stowborough in our own brougham and order tea in a private room at the Royal George. After that, according to the laws of social evolution, we shall develop into society young ladies, and go to London for the season, and be present at a ball. Finally, we shall marry dukes or earls, and—"

"There goes your glass," called out Nora, laughing. "Your castle in the air has ended as Alcazar's did—in a great sacrifice of crockery."

"Don't exaggerate, my dear; there is only one glass broken, but it is never safe to swag. Pride comes before a fall."

The next minute Stella joined them, but as she would take nothing they started at once on their homeward walk. Kathleen and Nora kept up a laughing war of wits until they approached the Murderer's Pool, when the spirits of the latter began to flag and she looked pale and uneasy. She slipped around to the other side of Stella, and clung to her arm, as when Kathleen rallied her on her absurdity, she could only say with a stammer, "Ah! but you should have seen her! I thought every moment she would fall into the water, and I should see her drown and not be able to save her. I do believe, and always shall believe, that she was mad at times for that poor crazy woman in the village who was carried off to the county asylum last year did not look any worse than she did then."

"Nonsense!" answered Stella, rather impatiently. "I can't bear to hear you say that, for fear it should get about."

"I never say it to anyone but you and Kathleen, and I never dream of such a thing until that afternoon, although she was so restless and odd, but if you had seen her then at the very end of that big branch with her feet almost touching the water, and staring into it with such a wild look in her eyes, you would think just the same as I do."

"I know what I think," put in Kathleen, in her determined way.

"And what is that?" enquired Stella earnestly.

"That it was an evil day for us when Violet Graham crossed our threshold. Everything was so quiet before."

"Too quiet," interposed Stella; "we were all complaining."

"Yes, but there are pleasant and unpleasant changes, you know. An earthquake is a great distraction, for instance, but I never heard of anyone who liked it. Violet has been an embodied earthquake and has upheaved and confused us morally, and I don't fancy we shall ever settle down exactly into our groove again, even after she is gone."

The last sentence of Kathleen's had a savor of prophecy about it, Stella knew. They never would settle into their old groove again, whether Violet went or stayed. She was not responsible for everything, for the time had come when their former careless Bohemianism had to give way under the pressure of circumstances, and they were obliged to see a more serious side of life than had ever occurred to them before. Still they might have trifled with it a little longer in their free, happy, butterfly fashion, living in the present, giving no heed to the future, what it should bring forth, but for the awakening that had come with this Violet had a great deal to do. Stella did not say all this—the time had not yet come—and presently the Murderer's Pool having been left behind, Violet recovered her spirits and resumed her playful badinage again. Passing through the tall corn, which waved lightly in the summer breeze, she put up her finger warningly when Kathleen was beginning some criticism on the old rector, and told her not to "speak evil of dignities," when there were so many ears close by.

Her fun was shouted down by her outraged audience, and when she fled from the wrath she had provoked, Stella held back and let Kathleen pass her, and did not join in the pursuit. But presently they came in sight of the village, and then the other two returned and walked soberly along on either side of her to the Chase, whose windows showed great splashes of blood-red light as they blinked at the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXXII.

As soon as supper was over that evening Stella closed the door and looking at her sisters with earnest, sad eyes, said she wanted to speak to them seriously, as she was going away.

"Going away!" they echoed simultaneously. "Where?"

"To London, probably, but that I can scarcely tell as yet," she replied. "Please don't interrupt me for a minute, but in the grant upheaval of which you were taking just now, Kathleen, not only did I find I could not settle back into my old groove, but that there was no groove for me to settle into at all. Moreover, I have arrived at a point—as I was telling you the other night—where if I don't work hard that I haven't time to think, I shall die."

She held up her wasted hands in front of the lamp for them to see, and a faint smile that was more pathetic than tears just stirred the dimples at the corners of her feverish lips. Then she went on quickly:

"When we were younger we did not mind living from hand to mouth, for we scarcely realized its meaning, and then, of course, we had our compensations. Papa was very kind to us, we were full of fun, in perfect health, and when we pictured the future at all it was in glowing colors; but I must tell you that when that horrible man walked into Jane's kitchen he opened my eyes suddenly, and I understood that the things that were mysterious to me before. It is not our Bohemianism, or our poverty that the neighborhood resents—it is our want of principle."

"Oh, Stella!" cried Kathleen, intensely shocked. "Well, that is what it comes to. They can see for themselves that papa never does what is called an honest day's work, and yet he has no income except what he makes by his painting. We look pretty much like other people, thanks to a happy knack of making the most of poor materials, and so they never guess what shifts we are obliged to make, and we come in for a share of the blame; and as far as that goes we can't afford any clothes."

"Only that not being in a state of innocence we are obliged to have some," observed Nora pathetically.

"Yes, and we must have food, although we can't afford that either."

"But I thought our affairs had so much improved," said Kathleen disappointedly.

"But temporary alleviations of this sort don't affect the real question," she replied. "Papa has gone to London with £40 in his pocket, and you know, and I know, that he won't bring a farthing home. Bonnell's legacy will stem the torrent for a little while, but it will soon be swept away, for money runs through papa's fingers like water through a sieve, and then we should be worse off than ever."

"Perhaps, but one more or less, especially when that one is a woman, can't make much difference. And then you are the manager, and no one can take your place here."

"Yes, you can, Kathleen. I am not afraid of that, and I shall give you all the money I can spare that you may pay for everything as you go along, if possible. I had £150 from Mr. Worsley to-day, and will divide it with you, and you must insist upon having your share of the legacy for household expenses when it is paid, or it will all melt away."

"But I don't understand what it is you are going to do, Stella," Nora said.

"It is better you should not know in case papa should question you. He would not like us to work, and yet he cannot realize that somebody must."

"But why should it be you rather than us?" Nora said.

"Because I am the eldest, and, therefore, if there is a new country to explore I am bound to be the pioneer. If I get on you can come to me, but it is better I should start alone."

"Won't papa be very angry?" asked Nora.

"Papa is never angry. He has that pleasant, fatherly temper which never makes a trouble or a grievance of anything more than a few hours, and if you take care he does not miss his usual comforts he won't miss me," concluded Stella, with one of those fleeting smiles of hers that were more pathetic than any.

"Anyhow, it would surely pain him more if I were to die."

"Oh, Stella, you don't think you are really ill?" Nora cried.

"It is just the soul fretting the plucky body to death. I shall be all right when I am at work. All life is this all very well for those who have borne the burden and heat of the day and need rest, but what I need is bustle, variety, incessant occupation and those wholesome fatigues which make one thankful to lie down at night and sure to sleep."

"The fact is, all that nursing put you out of health," observed Kathleen, with the air of a person who has made a great discovery. "I was afraid you were doing too much at the time, but you would not let me help you. You couldn't help me, Kathleen, and I didn't do too much," returned Stella, and then proceeded to put "her house in order," as if she were going on a journey whence there was no return, the solemnity of her manner and the hollow gleam in her eyes giving both her sisters a sad sort of consciousness that they were meant to serve as her last words supposing she should never come back to Chisbury again.

They were in tears before she had finished, but Stella was quite calm, and when she kissed them and bade them good night she said softly:

"I really believe I shall sleep to-night. You see I have been so busy all day I have not had time to think."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It never occurred to either Kathleen or Nora to try and argue or coax Stella out of her resolution. They knew it would be of no use for one thing, and then Stella's superior strength of character had always been an article of faith with them, and she had allowed her to influence them without deeming it possible that they could influence her in return.

During the next few days she was busy with her hurried preparations, but she did not neglect the time of her departure until Mr. Chester definitely fixed that day for her return. But on the morning of the day that he was expected Stella walked to the station with her sisters, Simon having preceded her with her box, took a third-class ticket for London (Mr. Chester first had to be told that she was going), and the two girls affectionately jumped into the train. Her head was out of the window as long as they could see and they remembered that her eyes had been wistful and full of pain as she bade them good-bye, but everything had been managed in such a quiet and commonplace way that they could not persuade themselves that anything so strange had happened as that she was really gone. She had left a letter for Mr. Chester explaining everything, and Kathleen and Nora had the key to it in one of her drawers, and all the receipts for her payments made, and felt business-like and important perhaps, but the blank would seem almost unendurable to both when they sat down alone to the midday meal and began at last to realize all they had lost.

Mr. Chester arrived home about seven o'clock, looking very tired and worn, and both the girls reminded one another of Stella's prophecy by an expressive glance when he turned out his pockets in the hall and failed to find enough in them to pay Simon for bringing his portman teau from the station.

"Have you got a shilling, Kathleen?" he asked, with some slight embarrassment. "Money runs away so fast in town. Thank you to Simon." "Upon my word," taking in long breath of the sweet-scented air as it came struggling into the house over the mignonette beds, "there is nothing like the country after all."

Then came the question they had been expecting and dreading:

"Where is Stella?"

Kathleen handed him her sister's letter without a word of comment. Mr. Chester read it once through without understanding it, for he went back to the beginning again and reread it slowly; then he said:

"What an extraordinary caprice! But it is only a caprice, of course, and Stella will be back amongst us again in the course of a few weeks. Young people are so impatient and sanguine, they do not understand waiting for fortune, but are always wanting to storm the citadel and carry her off by force. They must buy their experience, and we all know that Stella will soon come back to us."

And with this assertion the more emphatically enunciated that he required to convince himself, as well as them, Mr. Chester sat down to supper and ate heartily of the dainty little dish Kathleen had prepared for him. He had just put down his knife and fork, and was leaning back in his chair with that sense of *bien être* which follows a well digested meal, when the door opened and Violet stalked in, closing it behind her. She had remained entirely in her room of late; even Nora had not been admitted, so that no one was prepared for the terrible change that had taken place in her appearance, and Mr. Chester called out in horror.

She waved his questions away, as if her bodily condition had long ceased to interest her, and said impatiently:

"I did not come to speak about that. Your daughter Stella left Chisbury this morning." Mr. Chester nodded his head and looked at her in a puzzled sort of way. With her gleaming, fierce eyes and outstretched hand she had a denunciatory air that suggested what was

coming, although he was very far from prepared for the truth. Do you know with whom she has gone?" continued Violet.

"She does not speak of having any companion," returned Mr. Chester, fumbling in his pocket for the letter in order to refer to it.

"You will not find it there. Stella can keep her own counsel, and we still presume that she has a gleam of honest shame left in her as yet, and would not care to tell her own father that she had gone away with another woman's husband."

"You are mad, Violet," said Mr. Chester coldly. "If you were in your senses you would not dare to make these absurd and unfounded statements against your cousin. Stella had not even a lover to give an air of probability to your story, and I can answer for it that she had far too much spirit, if nothing else, to encourage the attentions of a married man."

"Nevertheless I tell you—and I know what I am talking about—she has gone to join my husband in London, and I have the proof in my possession if you require it."

"I was not aware that you had a husband," answered Mr. Chester, who felt as if his head were turning around, and all his impressions were shifting and confused.

"I was married clandestinely in India, because my father withheld his consent. Moreover, there were family reasons on my husband's side for keeping the matter secret for a while, and also for concealing his name. I returned to England to try and set things straight here, as I believed at the time, and to prepare for my marriage with my people."

"I am sorry to hear that you have not until I received his permission. This, therefore, I cannot still do, having obtained no permission. I can tell you that the man you received under your roof calling himself Philip Dacres was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and my husband and Stella's lover at the same time."

It was not often Mr. Chester was roused, but he was roused now, and brought his hand down on the table with a force that made the crockery dance and a spoon fall noisily to the floor.

"It's a lie!" he said. "Stella would not have your husband for a lover unless she were ignorant of his marriage."

"She was ignorant at first, I admit," replied Violet, quite unmoved by his violence. "But she knew it later, for I told her in his presence. I came here simply because I had an appointment to meet my husband at Marden, five miles from Stowborough," she went on, with the calmly judicial manner that carried conviction with it.

"Anyhow, it would surely pain him more if I were to die." "Oh, Stella, you don't think you are really ill?" Nora cried.

"It is just the soul fretting the plucky body to death. I shall be all right when I am at work. All life is this all very well for those who have borne the burden and heat of the day and need rest, but what I need is bustle, variety, incessant occupation and those wholesome fatigues which make one thankful to lie down at night and sure to sleep."

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They were in tears before she had finished, but Stella was quite calm, and when she kissed them and bade them good night she said softly:

"I really believe I shall sleep to-night. You see I have been so busy all day I have not had time to think."

"I did intend to do so, but the next day when I was hanging about the passage I heard my husband talking to Stella, and I knew by the softness of his voice that I was deceived, and she reigned in my stead. As that was the case I resolved to remain unknown, if possible, and watch the course of events. At any moment Captain Dacres might hear my name and make enquiries that would lead to an éclat de scandale. As it happened, Stella did not think me of enough consequence to mention, or was so absorbed in her charming patient, and he in her, they talked only of themselves and of their own feelings when they were together, and she forgot she had a cousin in the house. This was fortunate enough, as it gave me an opportunity of putting my suspicions to the test, and the result was that I had the benefit of several love passages between them."

"I bided my time," she answered, closing her teeth with a cruel little snap. "I had suffered so much. I had surely the right to some small compensation. I took them unawares one evening, when, from what I heard, he was urging her to marry him, and suddenly I claimed my husband out of the very arms of the woman for whom he was about to desert me."

"Then she must have been ignorant of your claim," said Mr. Chester, beginning to feel a little aggrieved. "You are jealous of the girl and so you try to ruin her."

She took a paper out of her bosom and laid it down in front of Mr. Chester without a word. A mist came before his eyes and the words of her appeal and disavowal again before he could grasp their meaning. Then suddenly they became steady and distinct and burnt themselves into his brain like letters of fire.

"Meet me at Marden, where I shall be this morning at ten o'clock waiting for you. I will then make the necessary arrangements for your home in London, and do the best for you that circumstances will allow." This letter was dated the day before and had Stella's name on an envelope.

Violet watched him intently whilst he was reading, and it is probable that she knew the exact moment when Mr. Chester's incredulity yielded to sorrowful conviction. This, in its turn, was succeeded by an outbreak of such intense rage that Kathleen and Nora clung together in affright, and Violet ceased to watch, because there was no need. Mr. Chester held on to the back of the chair near him, and held on with such force that his nails dented the wood. His face was deadly white, his eyes dark with passion and pain. And at last he said hoarsely, with a sudden, ominous sort of calm:

"May Heaven forgive me—I never will, and as long as I have breath to speak she shall never darken my doors again. She has brought shame on an honorable old name; she has ruined another woman's life. Let her live accursed and die unlamented, and may such measure as she meted out to others be meted out to her again. If I should be dying and ask to see her, you will know that my brain is wandering and must not obey me, for she is nothing to me but a shameful memory, and though I never thought to be thankful that my wife was taken, I rejoice now that she should have been so. I should be thankful that she should have escaped it by death. Do you hear?"

"Any letter that comes from her I shall treat as if it were bringing some horrible infection with it, and put it into the fire with the tongs," he said determinedly. "I should not have believed Violet's word, but I believe what I see here," smiling Captain Dacres' letter with his open hand, "and on this evidence I judge and condemn her. Now I have done, and want to hear no more of the subject," he concluded, and as if to make this impossible he rose and went out.

Kathleen and Nora retired to the other end of the studio forthwith, and turned their backs on Violet. She might be in the right, but they hated her nevertheless. She had denounced Stella, in whom they were fain to believe, and she had shown her proofs of her guilt were ever so strong, and they recognized even more distinctly than Mr. Chester had done the "envy, hatred, and malice" that had made it a pleasure to accuse. She might have her wrongs, but she had no right to accuse her sister, and her marriage, according to her own showing, in order that she might give her husband and Stella a sudden surprise, and it was neither womanly nor right to allow Stella to be exposed to such a horrible temptation when a storm was brewing, and she would have saved her, if she had only known it, and so on and so forth, they would show no mercy to her they resolved. Food and drink she must have, but it should never be direct from their hands. In their passionate resentment they began to lose sight of her provocation, and forgot that "Hell has so many faces as a woman's countenance."

That her wrongs might have warped her nature they did not trouble themselves to consider. She had brought first depression, then strife, into their hitherto happy home, closing Mr. Chester's door and heart against his own child, and whether Stella were wrong or right they would never forgive her accuser. Violet lingered for a few minutes, and they wondered afterwards if she had something on her mind, but she was so pale and so tired that they never proved, for she turned presently and left the room silently.

"Papa ought not to be out," Kathleen said, after a long painful silence. "I am sure there is a storm brewing, and the clouds are so angry."

"It may pass off," answered Nora, gazing wistfully out of the window and wondering if the cloud that had just gathered over them would ever pass off. Things looked dark enough at this moment, but was not this a sign that they would soon meet and be reconciled? They would soon meet and be reconciled, for at any rate, as they stood, with their arms around each other's waists, watching the great storm-cloud as it rolled up from the west, driven by the rising wind, and they were glad when Jane brought in the lamp and they heard Mr. Chester's step on the gravel path outside. He did not come into the studio, but went straight upstairs to his own room, and presently Kathleen and Nora went to bed too, because they were too miserable to sit up.

Later, when the house was still, Violet opened her door softly and came down. She was dressed for walking, in a quiet hat and jacket, and her violet eyes looked black in contrast with the terrible pallor of her face. She crossed the hall swiftly and stealthily, and once in the shadow she turned and stood for a time gazing at the old Chase, dimly outlined against the stormy night sky. There was not a light in one of the windows by this time, and she could picture them all fast asleep—Mr. Chester because of his facile temperament, the girls because of their youth. They had been troubled by her revelation, no doubt, but sleep had come, whereas she had lain awake often the whole night long, her brain whirling, her pulses running riot, longing for morning, and yet shrinking from the light when it came.

Her soul was in revolt against them and the whole world as she thought of her sufferings and the slight sympathy shown her. She straightened herself for a moment and her eyes flashed with a deadly gleam of the passion that was in her—and behind her was the dark, angry sky and the wilderness of a world where she might starve and die, for aught they all cared, and so with a curse in her heart she stole away, likening herself to the Scripture figure, and picture stood on the grave path, a case looking out into the darkness from the same stormy background of sky and cloud.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Kathleen and Nora slept soundly enough—they had gone to bed tired—but instead of greeting the sunshine with laughing eyes according to their wont, the latter said plaintively from amongst the pillows:

"It is the waking up that is so dreadful. I knew it would be when I went to sleep last night."

"Still, we have forgotten our troubles for a little while, and that is better than if we had lain awake worrying."

"Of course, but it is all so dreadful, and can you believe it is true?"

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint, but it was not until I

Began taking Ayer's Pills

that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I am now a well man."

—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

Awarded Medal at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



Charles H. Hutchings.

Sick Headache

CURED PERMANENTLY

BY TAKING

Ayer's Pills

The Quality of . . .

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA IS SUPREME

Sold in Lead Packets only.

THAT'S ALL.

P. C. LARKIN & CO., Wholesale Agents, 25 Front St. East, Toronto

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"Still, we have forgotten our troubles for a little while, and that is better than if we had lain awake worrying."

"Of course, but it is all so dreadful, and can you believe it is true?"

"No," answered Kathleen decidedly. "as Violet puts it, I do think Captain Dacres cared for Stella—I noticed that myself—and if she did not know he was married, she did no harm in encouraging him. But I can't and won't believe that she went to join him yesterday."

"But the letter, Kathle."

"That may be a forgery, and, in any case, what right had she to take or read a letter belonging to another person?"

"None, perhaps; and yet it seems to me the end almost justifies the means in this case, for Captain Dacres was Violet's husband, and if she has taken him from her it was a horrible and wicked thing to do; but let Violet prove that she has."

"Yes, let her prove it," echoed Kathleen with sudden defiance. "And, anyhow, I hate her! I could see that she enjoyed denouncing Stella, and had elaborately prepared the sensation, and how I am going to live under the same roof with her and keep up even an affectation of civility I do not know."

A Customer.



Aaron (lambly)—Is there anything here that would please you?

New Books and Magazines.

The Belleville Sun claims that Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, was born in Camden East, a village in Lennox and Addington, and states that his father, Capt. Joseph Parker, has been for years a resident of Belleville. In one of our literary notes two weeks ago I gave a slight sketch of Mr. Parker's career, giving the city of Quebec as his place of birth. My authority for this statement is Mr. Gilbert Parker himself. In a recent issue of the London Literary World, Mr. Douglas Sladen gave an account of a tour of New Brunswick which he made in company with Mr. Elias Carmen, the poet, a native of that province. In referring to the many clever writers produced by New Brunswick, Mr. Sladen mentioned Mr. Gilbert Parker as one of the number. In the following issue of the World appeared an interview with Mr. Parker, in which he denied being a New Brunswicker, and stated that he was born in the ancient city of Quebec in 1862. It is safe to presume that the Belleville Sun is such a discussion as this would get its facts from Capt. Joseph Parker, he being, I understand, still alive and a resident of the town, and thus we have father and son disagreeing as to the place of the son's nativity. I am inclined to regard the testimony of the father as conclusive, he speaking from personal recollection, while Gilbert, however precocious, must rely upon hearsay in such a matter as this.

The Life of Sir John A. Macdonald will soon be published in London. It is written by Mr. Pope, the late chief clerk's private secretary, assisted by Lady Macdonald of Everscliff.

It will interest bicycle riders and literary people to know that H. Rider Haggard almost met his death recently owing to the stubborn refusal of a Norwich hawker to get his cart out of the way of Haggard's bicycle. The hawker was fined thirty-eight shillings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on August 29.

W. C. Howells, father of William Dean Howells, the novelist, died not long ago at Jefferson, Ohio, aged eighty-eight years. Judging by the persistent way in which William Dean Howells is already indulging in reminiscences, there is much ahead of us should he attain his father's age.

REVIEWER.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ARIZONA.—A careful method, excellent discretion, amounting to caution in matter of speech, some idealism, good self-esteem, a practical and thrifty mind, care for details, no marked originality, good intellect and a general take-it-easy disposition are yours.

MIWA.—You are rather easy-going and careless of details, of wide imagination and a somewhat unpractical mind. At the same time you are direct, persevering, ambitious and rather optimistic. The lines so far as originality and independence that I am sure the study doesn't do you justice.

A. M. D.—I really cannot delineate such unformed writing. I answer questions when I can understand them. In this case I confess I cannot see the sense of yours. I don't in the least know whether tall or short girls are preferred. Thanks for your opinion of SATURDAY NIGHT. Some day I hope your delineation will also be "delightful."

ACHATES.—It would not have taken quite so many capitals nor so long a study to have given sufficient material for a delineation. They are all early alike in showing a lack of the softer and more attractive traits which should tone and modify your too harsh and forceful lines. I am inclined to ask you to let me off this time, for I am sure a study would not do you justice. Your writing is positively awful.

AUBURN LOCKE.—This is rather a fine study, showing originality, sense of beauty, sympathy, desire for perfection, truth and self-respect. The study is, however, hampered by self-consciousness and mannerisms. The temper is excellent, hope and ambition fair. Writer should have good taste and a rather reserved and discreet nature. Rap and freedom are needed, but the study is admirable for its many fine traits.

MIWA.—I think it shows considerable perseverance, a rather impetuous and hasty temperament, generous nature, but want of tact and the faculty of ingratiating yourself with others. You are tactless, high-tempered, self-conscious and have great force and determination. If you were only patient and painstaking enough to guide it right, your manner is bright and vivacious and your mind rather logical.

OTTO.—This is a clever and original study, rather inclined to be cranky and of a very erratic temper; facility,

strength, taste and a certain amount of love of applause are shown. I am afraid you are weak in purpose and would make a brave beginning and a careless ending. I believe you to be a person capable of keeping your own counsel, and I have the impression you'd be charmingly companionable and very interesting in a *tele-a-tele*.

CHITPA.—This is a very buoyant and breezy study, rather erratic in impulse, firm and constant in purpose, apt to look up and on the bright side, careful of details; your ideas are a little bit mixed and you need much mental discipline. I don't know much about Colorado, but am impressed with a notion that its people know how to boom their country, as Western characters are by no means a novelty to me.

LADY OF THE HARBOR.—This writing shows a bright, facile and clever method, good reasoning powers, a buoyant and optimistic nature, much love of fun and sense of humor, some love of beauty and decided quickness of intuition with much sympathy. I think writer would be able to make herself at home in any circumstances and make the best of bad ones. Her will is light, and not remarkably determined. Indifference could change her resolve in most cases.

DAVENE.—I suppose you write your study just for making the requisite number of marks on paper. It shows much crudeness and decided lack of power and decision. You have some sense of humor, but very little reasoning power, your sequence of ideas being poor. Your mind is rather slow in perception and you are of an eminently practical nature. I think time will give character and interest to your study, which is now lacks. I am grieved that my answer should not be what you call "complimentary!"

TOMMY.—I am sorry, my dear, that you should have had the bad judgment to write on ribbed paper. I have not the pleasure of knowing the delights of the Lake of the Woods, but I am sure from your description it must be worth a long journey to see. You are impulsive, careless of details, very open to influence and a trifle capricious in affection. You would be charming company and very popular, but I'm afraid a bit of a flirt, fond of society, somewhat imaginative and ambitious, entirely incapable of keeping a secret, a very delightful body whom one couldn't help loving.

CATHARINE.—You don't say a word too much, my dear girl. It is just a great shame that women should work, and work well for less than half the wages men would expect, and get too. I think it is quite natural you should come at having to set out at half-past six through the dark, snowy winter mornings and that for half-pay. But while it is natural, it isn't the best plan. Try and do your work cheerfully and make believe you like it. Things will go easier if you do. By the way, you surely need cozy cold fingers if you have any sense; I've seen real snug cozy mitts sold for a quarter.

PROUDY BARKIN.—This study is decidedly youthful. As to your queries: 1. I have never read any of Annie L. Swan's books. Could not spare time for such literature. 2. I think some novels are good for girls, such as the Waverley and Dickens' and Ros Noughton Carey's. 3. I don't consider all novels fit. What a very oddish question! You're quite right in saying that I get tired reading such letters as yours. They'd make anybody tired, if taken *au grand sérieux*, but I know you're a very young girl, with a decided dearth of expression, and I forgive you. As to delineating your writing, it is quite too immature.

HARVEY.—As to the colleges and the universities being free to all, I don't at all agree with you; there are cases here and there, where by virtue of unusual gifts a man seems to be entitled to all the advantages they could give, though he belongs to the ranks of the hony-banded, but there is too much college and not enough common sense now in the world. If the working man's son has brains and perseverance he'd get along without a university, don't you fear! You are bright, buoyant, good-tempered, vivacious, fond of social pleasures, of varying moods, excellent force and some ambition. These studies suffer from being written on lines.

WILD ROSE.—A young lady, already the recipient of three proposals, wishes a recipe for making yet another suitor, the three victims having failed to win her heart. Well, I give you my best wishes and recommend you to "paint, sing, play and dance" with all your might and that will take up your thoughts so that, even should your accomplishments fail to capture the fourth young man, you won't have time to fret about it. As you are only nineteen you've lots of time before you. Don't for a moment harbor the idea that your accomplishments will make the young man love you. Ah, no, Wild Rose, it's an indefinable attraction which no one can explain that you must have to win him. As to your writing, it is very artificial and dreadfully unattractive. Can it be possible you were foolish enough to disguise it?

PRUELLA.—I hope I remembered to answer your query as to the invitations at the time I got your letter. It is not at all nice to put brothers' and sisters' invitations on the same card. The sisters should always have a separate invitation. I am sure from your writing that you are the sort of woman who would wish to have everything as nicely done as possible. 2. Your writing shows much taste and refinement, a firm, decided and constant purpose, excellent ability, culture and much self-respect. You are frank and sincere, fond of social pleasure, not very correct in judgment, but of good sequence of thoughts, which means that you can work out a train of ideas to a conclusion, but that the conclusion isn't always a just one. You lack perception and that sixth sense called intuition, but you are not apt to blunder, owing to your very fine sense of propriety.

MARY.—Father Ryan's poems are beautiful, I dare say. Mary, I'll take your word for it, for I've never read them. I think you and Catherine harp on the same string about women's work. As to women marrying for a home, I think it's a first-class thing to marry for. When a man gives a woman a nice home and is reasonably presentable himself, I don't see why the woman should use woman's wonderful idealistic powers and put wings on him and adore him. Then, when the home gets full of babies, there she is, with her work cut out for her, and the applause of all good folks is hers. She has family and a home, with a

husband whom she has gotten used to and made the best of. As to the women who marry for a home, and grumble after they get it, I can only say I don't believe a home was what they married for. They weren't even satisfied with the earth, but wanted an acre of paradise fenced in and planted. 3. Your writing shows considerable temper and impatience, some refinement and little selfishness, rather an erratic will, much love of beauty and a tendency to pessimism.

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Thousands Must Die if Paine's Celery Compound is Not Used.

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Mr. Smye writes as follows: "It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. Any one may refer to me regarding these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound." Mr. R. Ferrah, the popular druggist of Galt, Ont., vouches for the above statements made by Mr. Smye.



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A Case of Revenge.

I was just wondering which was the easier way to rest my head, by pressing my ear against the window-casing, or by hunching down into the form of the letter Z, with my knees pressed firmly into the back of an innocent old party from South Greece, and allowing my bump of conjugal love to rest fondly on the row of brass-headed tacks along the seat-back, when a young man boarded the train at Adam's Basin and dropped into the place beside me.

He was a good-looking young man, and somehow I fancied him one of the sort who dashes off little gems on one side of the paper only, with the very best ink and in a legible hand, and then wonders why he is not more successful in literature.

He evidently had stopped at the postoffice on his way to the train to get "the returns," and from the number of bulky envelopes in his hands he evidently had received quite a lot.

For a long time he sat with a near-by look in his eyes, and then he began, one by one, to shuck the manuscripts. There was a little printed form in every envelope, and the count of titles didn't seem to fall short any. Not a solitary manuscript had stuck.

I felt sorry for him. He sat there kind of sad-like, when suddenly the newsboy came through yelling, "Thi' smonth's mag's, here—Censhyr, Hoppers, Scrib., Cosmo., 'Tantic, or—"

He paused beside my literary seat-mate to display his wares. And then a transformation took place. Shoving his hat back on his head, the spirit of revenge flashing from his eyes, the young writer exclaimed, in tones of most cutting sarcasm:

"Thank you for the kind offer of the publications you name, but I regret to say that I must respectfully decline them. Rejection does not necessarily indicate a lack of merit, however, and you may be successful elsewhere. A variety of reasons may make it impossible for me to make use of them at this time."

And then the young man sank back with a smile of triumph, and the newsboy, with a stare, remarked, "Whach'er givin' us!" and passed on. He didn't understand it, but I did. I am an author, too.—*Truth*.

Farmer Throckmorton's Feat.

CHAPTER I.

Farmer Throckmorton had an old hen that had been sitting in his big barn for seven weeks on a broken corn-cob, a piece of leather, and the remains of a glass marble.

In all that time, notwithstanding the most faithful and unremitting attention to business, she had failed to hatch anything.

Farmer Throckmorton had often remonstrated with the hen. He had pointed out to her in strong language the utter hopelessness of the undertaking, the unprofitable use she was making of time she was incurring when other hens were compelled to put up with less favorable nests, and eggs were worth a shilling and sixteen pence a dozen.

He had lifted her out of that trough, tried to divert her attention by tying a rag around each foot, pasting her tail feathers together and employing other artifices he had used in similar cases before with marked success, but they failed to work on this old hen. She refused to



J. H. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal Sole Agents for Canada

suffer her energies to be distracted from the job on hand, and always returned squawking to her nest, no matter how often she was tossed out of it.

"I'll fix her, you mark my words!" said Farmer Throckmorton one day.

CHAPTER II.

The next time he went to town he bought a giant fire-cracker. He brought it home with him, went out to the barn, lifted the surly, reluctant, protesting old hen off her nest, placed the big fire-cracker in it, set her down again, lit the projecting fuse with a match and ran out of the barn.

In about ten seconds there was a deafening report, mingled with a loud, explosive shriek, almost human in its rage and terror.

CHAPTER III.

The cure was effectual. The old hen has not been seen since.

CHAPTER IV.

Neither has the barn.

THE END.

Intermittent Lighting.

A.—Is your town lighted by electricity?
B.—Yes, but only when there's a thunder-storm.—*Lothar Megendorfer's Blatter*.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

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EDMUND E SHEPPARD Editor

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The Drama.

OUR three playhouses may be said to be appropriately employed this week, the Grand being given over to Robert Mantell in romantic and classic plays, Jacobs & Sparrow's to an elaborate scenic production and the Academy of Music to vaudeville. The houses are thus each giving us a sample of what they have in store for us during the season. The running of vaudeville exclusively is something new here and is probably a very shrewd innovation on the part of the Academy lessee. On Monday afternoon on entering that theater the writer was surprised to find nearly the entire floor of the house occupied almost exclusively by men. It resembled a matinee for men only, and although the management of the house may aim at no such result, the chances are that the Academy will soon run very successful male matinees daily. At Jacobs & Sparrow's the matinees are almost exclusively attended by women. The feminine mind hankers after a plot, a hero to admire and a villain to detest. Moreover, there is a charm for women in the imposing mechanical effects and scenery which may always be relied upon as part of the attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's. On the other hand, the masculine mind shies at a hero and protests against a plot, which ninety-nine times out of a hundred it feels to be impossible. Men prefer vaudeville for its sparkle and variety and because, when busy, they can drop in and witness a few turns and slip away again without having an unfinished plot to worry about. Vaudeville is not by nature designed to interest women as much as men. The girls are gotten up as scant of attire and as attractive of face as possible and go through every sinuous and sensuous manoeuvre, all to charm the men. The males on the stage are either blackened up or made to represent old tramps, outlandish Irishmen or Dutchmen. The idea of pleasing the feminine eye is never consulted. The jokes, too, in vaudeville are often intelligible only to male auditors if not actually offensive to female ears. For these reasons we may expect to find the matinee audiences at the two popular-price houses opposite in gender.

The Academy has already booked a list of vaudeville attractions that extends well into the New Year. The Rose Hill Folly Company are showing us some nice long stockings this week. Some of the jokes are too broad to go down in this city, one of the verses in a song is not quite the thing, and the take-off on the Salvation Army is very improper in spirit, showing a lack of respect for sacred things. Some of these may have been cut out since the first of the week, as I understand Manager Steir objected to them. In other respects the show is a decidedly good one for the money.

The Black Crook at Jacobs & Sparrow's is, in the matter of scenery alone, a treat. In stage settings it is easily ahead of anything that has been here this season. But it will never get away from its early reputation of unnecessary and wanton exposure of the female figure. The girls at the Academy are as scantily dressed as, and more suggestive in their actions and words than those in the Black Crook, but the latter play is popularly supposed to be wicked and hence draws three church members this week for the other's one, and three bald-headed men for the other's one. These people are missing what they are looking for and a hint is as good as a nod for to-day's performances.

We have heard about Robert Mantell's faults, his mannerisms, his poising and his partiality for elocution, until, I am sure, everybody is queited of his critics and would like to see the stalwart actor get amongst them with the sword and dagger of Monbars. Reporters have come to Toronto from the wilds of nowhere, have seen three plays, have become critics and condemned the "mannerisms" of Mantell, and, their life work thus accomplished, have returned whence they came, yet Mantell goes right ahead drawing a large salary and full houses. Some responsible critic like William Winter or Nym Crinkle probably sailed into Mantell at one time and accused him of mannerisms, and the charge passed along, becoming in time a tradition, until now the critic wins his spurs in places like Toronto by remarking that Mantell has mannerisms. It is undoubtedly true, nor is he the greatest of actors. But who ever saw an actor worthy the name who had not mannerisms in a pronounced degree? No other actor regularly visiting the city is treated by the critics with the unalloyed lack of generosity which they manifest towards Robert Mantell. Few other actors entertain and please the public as well as he. Few give us such robust plays and portray such manly characters. Monbars, the man who mounted up from nothing and became vastly rich through his daring on the high seas, yet who had such a sensitive nature as to feel responsible for De Meril's future because of having deprived him of a father—Monbars would not have been complete without that lofty air of courage and that incurable melancholy which Mantell's mannerisms imparted to the role. Some people, also, seem to think that O'hello the Moor should have the gentle

reserve and delicacy of an Oxford professor. Altogether Mantell is better as he is than as his cavaliers would have him to be. Speaking of mannerisms, Miss Charlotte Behrens on Monday evening seemed to have entirely abandoned that rising inflection on the closing syllable of each sentence, a defect upon which I commented during her last visit here.

Miss Jessie Alexander opened what may be called the season of elocution at the Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening. There were between twenty-five hundred and three thousand people present, which was probably the largest crowd ever drawn together in this town by an elocutionist. Miss Alexander has profited greatly by her summer in Europe, having not only secured new selections but having made a personal study of the types of character treated. In our last issue we published an interview with her on this subject and gave pen drawings made from photographs of some characters met by her. One of these was Samuel Johnson the coachman and another a bishop whom she pursued on a train for purposes of observation. Both of these were introduced with capital effect on Tuesday evening, one on Coaching in Scotland, a clever sketch prepared by Miss Alexander herself, and the other in The Bishop's Quandary by Manners. This latter is extremely humorous. In fact, the programme was almost entirely laugh-provoking, there being but two pathetic pieces, The Bells of Enderby and The Hungarian Patriot, both strong in construction and handled with rare strength. D'Alessandro's orchestra assisted the elocutionist and proved itself perhaps the best professional organization of the sort in town.

Rob Roy the much heralded comic opera success will have its first Toronto presentation next Monday night at the Grand Opera House. The music score of Rob Roy is from the pen of that well known and clever composer, Reginald DeKoven, the lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Although the title and subject suggest Robin Hood from the same author and composer, the Scotch color costume and other possibilities have some advantages not possessed by the English theme. Rob Roy, the novel and the melodrama, based upon it are familiar enough, but the Smith & DeKoven opera is said to be made up of entirely different material. In his libretto Mr. Smith does not even choose the same hero whose name is given to Sir Walter Scott's novel. The more famous Rob has a son known as Robin Oig (Rob the younger), a youth who distinguished himself in many romantic escapades. This young outlaw, like his father, was a loyal supporter of the house of Stuart, and the scenes and incidents of the opera are laid in the year 1745 when the final Stuart uprising took place led by Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender. In the opera of Rob Roy, which Messrs. DeKoven & Smith have transferred from Sir Walter Scott's novel to the operatic stage, the Prince is the tenor role, Rob Roy is the baritone part, and a splendid character for the basso is Cameron of Lochiel. There are three comedy parts in the opera of Rob Roy: The Mayor of Perth, Sandy McSorlie, a town crier; and Tammas, a Highland benchman. The leading female roles are: Janet, the daughter of the Mayor; Capt. Sheridan, an English officer; and Flora Macdonald, whose name is associated with Prince Charlie's during his wanderings after the famous Battle of Culloden. The part of Rob Roy will be sung by William Pruette, that of Prince Charlie by Baron Berthold, that of Flora Macdonald by Lizzie McNicol and Julia Gordon will be seen in the part of Janet.

Mr. W. E. Ramsay's Trip Around the World will be presented in the Massey Music Hall on Friday evening, October 19, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Lieutenant-Colonel Mason and the officers of the Royal Grenadiers will show all the sights of interest from New York to Ireland, Scotland, England, across to Paris and Versailles, Rome, Gibraltar, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and all over the Orient and back across Canada.

Mr. N. S. Wood is a standard favorite with admirers of melodrama, and when he produces a play the event is regarded as highly important one by his theatrical clientele. For this reason, if for no other, Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House will no doubt have large audiences all next week. He comes to Toronto this year in his strongly interesting drama, The Orphans of New York. The play, like all those which have brought this star fame and fortune, treats of the struggles of the poor and innocent of New York. It is a combination of tragedy and bright comedy. It portrays life as it actually exists in the great centers of population. The company has the advantage of excellent scenery, sketched from nature by first-class artists specially for this production. A splendid view of Battery Park is given, also New York Bay, Liberty Island, Fort William and the realistic drawbridge, where the hero frustrates the efforts of the villain to wreck a whole train of passengers. This young star is very popular in Toronto and crowded houses are predicted. Matinees will be given on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The Elocution Scholarship offered by the Toronto College of Music, and which entitles the winner to one year's free tuition under Mr. Grenville P. Kissler, was competed for last Saturday afternoon and won by Miss Ina Fenwick of 381 Berkeley street, Toronto.

Vivian de Monto's Vaudevilles will appear at the Academy of Music next week.

At the Fair.

Spectator—Call that a dwarf! Why, he is over five feet high!
Proprietor of Booth—That is just the most curious feature about him. In fact, he is the biggest dwarf in the world.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

At an Examination.

Professor—Sir, how is it you are perpetually smiling?
Candidate—You ask such ticklish questions, Herr Professor.—*Illustrirte Welt.*

The Adventures of Bob Moon.

No 7—As told by Bob himself.

I had been prospecting in the Sierra Nevada several months, but without a find, and had almost gone bust. I had finally chopped wood for the lazy miners to make some money, but my hands got so sore I had to quit.

I started down the valley intending to try some other locality and put up for the night at a sort of store and tavern kept by a little, old, bent-over man whom the carousing miners called Uncle Zebe, and for whom they appeared to have some respect. I noticed that he was flying about at a great rate and could hear him on the run over the loose boards long after the rest of us, his guests, had retired to sleep, our quarters being a back room about twelve by fifteen, where five of us had to lie on a flooring of brush.

In the morning Uncle Zebe was again hustling before we were up, and when I went into the bar-room I noticed that he looked very much overworked. My needs were continually in my mind, and when I looked at old Zebe the thought struck me that I might get into partnership with him on some basis, for no person would hire for wages among the miners. I had told him of my hard luck the night previous and when I leaned upon the bar to sound him about the deal I had in mind, he surprised me by starting out to talk freely on his own hook.

"Ye see," said he, "I'm gettin' so durned ole, an' my writin' ain't no good to keep tally of the boys, an' every year it gits wuss. Nobody can't make out what the 'counts is fer but me. I've made quite a bit here, though the place ain't wuth much. But the devil of it is with Uncle Snell."

"Who is Uncle Snell?" I asked.
"On, he's my pardner," said Uncle Zebe, "an' he's a ripper, too. When we jined he was to cook an' I was to 'tend the store an' drinkin', but Uncle don't do fair. He takes all the money an' goes over to the Springs an' gambles it away. He allus takes a big wad with him an' don't bring back nuthin'. He took all the money yistiddy, an' said he'd kill me if I hid a cent from him. I'm 'fraid he'll do it one of these days. You're young an' got stuff in ye to fight yer way. Buy me out and go in with Uncle. If ye have no money I'll take yer note. Ye can soon make the money if ye can do with Uncle. But I don't want to fool ye. He's a ripper."

I had thought of a partnership with the old man, but it was a different matter with Snell. However, I had to do something or starve. After an hour's consideration I made a note for four hundred dollars. Instantly the old man began running about as if for his life, gathering up his little bundle. I urged him to stay a few days or until Snell would get back, but he only looked wildly up at me out of his little blood-shot eyes, and said in quaking terror that Uncle would kill him if he came back and found that Zebe had sold out to me. He hurried away.

For two days I flew around as Uncle Zebe had done, and the third I noticed a pompous fellow ride his mule up to the door and heard him shout for Zebe to come and take it. I paid no attention, so he took his saddle and blanket off and let the animal go loose. He swaggered through the bar and fired the saddle and blanket into a little store-room at the back. Then he turned towards where I was behind the counter and started to say:

"Now, you old —"
Our eyes met and he stopped.
"Where's Zebe?" he asked in surprise, while I tried to look unconcerned.
"He's gone," said I. "Have a drink with the new landlord?"
"The new what in blazes?" yelled the stranger.

I had been taking stock of him and saw that it was Snell. He was half Indian and the other half Mexican, had two revolvers and a knife in his belt, and was the worst specimen of a scowling cut-throat I had ever seen, and that's saying something large-sized.

"We are partners, Mr. Snell," said I. "I have bought out Uncle Zebe."

"The sneakin' old punkin-eater! What did he sell out for?"

I assumed the look of one who knew no answer to the question and pushed the bottle further along for him to drink.

"You will cook and I will run the other part," said I coolly. His face flushed and he glared at me, but I busied myself with straightening up the tumblers and said nothing.

He had never been dictated to before, and was utterly dumbfounded at the indifference of my manner. I was watching his movements and began to scent war; but it was too late to back out.
"Who are you?" asked he after a moment or two of staring about.

"Bob Moon," I replied. "Will you shake?"
"Not by a durn sight," said he. He walked out and brought his mule back to the door, where he again saddled it, taking much time in performing the operation. I could see by his awkwardness that poor old Zebe had always discharged that duty. Once he stopped for a moment, took out one revolver from his belt and examined it. Finally the saddling was completed and he stalked in again, with his hand ready to pull a pistol. I saw him coming and instinctively grabbed a revolver Zebe had left in the bar. Rushing past the end of the counter I met him as he stepped inside.

"You lob-sided greaser!" yelled I, leveling it at his face. "Put up your hands or I'll drop you! You thought to kill me, did you? Down on your knees, you Mexican beast, for in one

Notes.—It is scarcely necessary to say that the real name of the gentleman whose adventures are being recorded in this series of papers is not Bob Moon. That name was selected at random and for purposes of disguise. On Friday afternoon last, however, Mr. Robert Moon, special agent of the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, called at this office, desiring us to state that he is not the Bob Moon in question. His friends are following the adventures of his namesake with a curious interest and the fact that he (Mr. Robert Moon), owing to a recent accident, is using a crutch and came across him to strikingly resemble our hero as he escaped from the trap laid for him by the jealous Mexican husband. Although Mr. Robert Moon, insurance agent, takes the coincidence in name quite good-humoredly we desire to set him right before the public.—*THE EDITOR.*



minute you will be dead!"

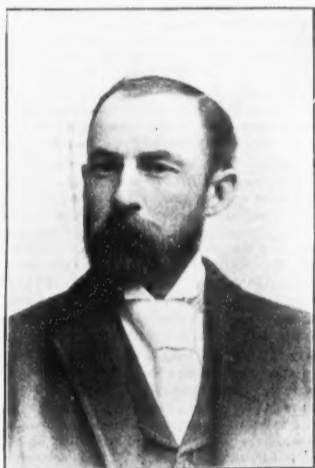
To describe the look of surprise and terror which instantaneously overspread the face of this erstwhile bully who had so vilely wronged old Zebe, would be a thing impossible.

I had nerved myself to a determination to kill him, and no doubt he read it in my face, but he maintained the characteristic of the greaser by saying nothing beyond the terror I could gather from his look. He made no sign of kneeling, however, so I weakened a little and ordered him to get out and begone or I would shoot him. He went, and I followed him, revolver in hand, until he was astride his mule. I held a bead on him till he had passed around the bend, and the story of our next meeting will make another chapter.

The Canadian Entertainment Bureau

THE title of this article is self-explanatory, inasmuch as it indicates that Canada has now an established Entertainment Bureau, embracing among its patrons the leading artists of merit along the line of music and platform entertainment.

It has seven traveling representatives, together with an efficient office staff, with headquarters in the Confederation Life building. The methods of work are so adjusted as to give the best possible results to its patrons, and at the same time to assist committees in arranging for talent necessary to the giving of successful entertainments. Since the issue of the first prospectus, which has been well received, so many have been the applications from eminent artists and entertainers that the management have decided to issue a holiday announcement, which

MR. FINLAY SPENCER,
Secretary Canadian Entertainment Bureau.

will include only those of known merit and established reputation. It is not the work of the Bureau to introduce or bring out amateurs, but to place professionals with concert committees. These, together with those already in the Bureau, will enable the management to arrange with the various committees for entertainments known as Star Courses during the winter season. This being the case, the Bureau will place small pamphlets in the hands of enquiring committees, giving them full instructions as to the best methods of conducting these entertainments to a successful issue. The idea of giving a series of entertainments at regular intervals by the best talent obtainable is a new enterprise with Canadian concert committees, and wherever it has been tried with proper management has proven very successful.

Mr. Finlay Spencer, the subject of the accompanying engraving, is a man of undoubted integrity and thorough business attainments. He has had years of experience along educational and commercial lines, which makes him well qualified for the enviable position he now holds as secretary of the Bureau.

A Queen Under Punishment

The little Queen of the Netherlands, though only aged thirteen, already shows signs of the same independent character as her late father was distinguished for. Thus she considers it beneath her Royal dignity to respond to the greeting of her loyal subjects, notwithstanding the observations of her governess to that effect. One day, as a punishment, the governess sent her to bed immediately after their return home. Then you should have seen and heard her little majesty, in a fury, stamping on the ground and exclaiming:

"What! I, the Queen of Holland, ordered off to bed, and at seven o'clock, too! No, never, even if I have to renounce the throne of my fathers!"

Five minutes after this formal protest, her majesty was plunged in a sound sleep.—*Le Patriote.*

"Young man," said the aristocratic colored citizen, leaning back in his chair, "haven't I seen you befo'?" "I don't know, sah," responded the colored waiter, depositing the plate of soup before him and placing the salt and pepper within reach; "was you at de Dahomey Village in de Midway last summah?" "Haw! Haw! Sho' 'nough," rejoined the guest, with ready appreciation; "so dat's whah you was! Yes, I was dah!" "Well, I wasn't," said the waiter stiffly; "I don't tink we've evah met befo', sah."

Jilted

For Saturday Night.

O'ober, you blundering old fellow,
Why rear, round my pathway your ire?
Come, tell me, why tinge you with yellow
The green of the trees, and I breathe fire?
Come tell me, old Autumn, what reason
You give for your fit which sends
The walling of wind at this season,
And gayer of revelry ends?

Why shiver the maples with sorrow
And cast off their fire-eaten leaves?
What rage in your heart makes you borrow
The glory that summer achieves?

I'll tell thee, October, old rager,
Why winds howl and clouds weep above,
Why fury has seized thee;—I'll wager
That Summer has fled from your love!

W. T. ALLIS, N.

The Message.

For Saturday Night.

Go, go, thou little carrier dove,
Thou white-winged hessenger of love,
And softly folded 'neath thy wing
This message to Miranda bring;
And oh, return again to me,
When her fond hands have set thee free,
Nor deem the knees lightly pressed
Upon thy crimson eye and breast
Are meant for thee, and only thee.

MUNSON.

Weary.

For Saturday Night.

Weary, beloved, so weary!
Languing for rest and for thee,
Tired of life's voyage dreary,
O'er a foam-ill'd sea.
Weary of sin and of sorrow,
Of all that is and to be,
Hailing to-day and to-morrow,
Save that which waits for thee to me.

QUINCY.

Mamma's Little Boy.

For Saturday Night.

I would like to be a sailor
And sail the raging main,
And get wrecked on desert
Islands
And never come back again.

Or I'd like to be a soldier
And wield a mighty sword,
And how down men like
meadow grass,
While cannons round me
roared.

Or like Livingstone and
Stanley—
To find whence
rivers flow—
Midst birds and
beasts and blackmoors,
A million miles to go.

'T would be nice to be a bandit
And 'old the mountains dwell,
But 'twould be the hapless sight
That in my clothes fell.

Or I'd like to be an Indian
And on the warpath go;
I would bring home to my wigwam
The scalp of many a foe.

Or I'd be a wily smuggler
And own a rakish barque;
And, armed with knife and blunderbuss,
Land goods when night was dark.

How nice to be an astronaut
And soar in my balloon,
To tweak the comets by their tails
And pelt with stars the moon.

Detectives have a jolly time
Tracking the murderers out,
With pencil-ends and collar-stubs
And footmarks all about.

There are so many splendid things
A boy might choose to be,
I wish that I were twenty or so
Instead of only me!

E. M. SCHOLFIELD.

Lost Light.

[WRITTEN IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.]

For Saturday Night.

Last night I dreamed I saw the moon
Behind a snow-tipped peak descend,
And waking, said, "I'll follow soon,
For there she waits for me—my friend,
My friend—the moon."

And first-winged fairy, sweet and strong,
Whirled all my being into flight
And caught and carried me along
To where she sank in silvery light,
My friend—the moon.

O'er crags and o'er torrent-bed,
O'er dreary plain and mountain waste,
A wild and useless course I sped,
For I had lost in my mad haste
My friend—the moon.

Folly and youth go hand in hand.
'T was not the moon that I had seen,
But some pale star my fancy flamed
Into a semblance of the Queen,
My friend—the moon.

Folly and youth! How well I knew
The moon was miles and miles away;
And yet I hoped and longed for you
And for your glow-dimpling ray,
My friend—the moon.

I had a lamp to light my way,
But shattered it long days ago,
For as the starlight is to day,
So was the lamp compared with you,
My friend—the moon.

The moon has gone; the lamp no more
Burns, beset-like, across my days.
Darkness seems darker than before
I knew the guidance of your rays,
My friend—the moon.

Yet when I close my eyes, that burn
With useless longing, useless pain,
The sweet lost yearning returns,
Pale glow the stars. You only reign,
My friend—the moon.

OWEN A. SMITH.

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Between You and Me.

HERE is a curious season in human life which I am trying to account for, that winter of life when very old folk grow mistrustful of their best friends. Even on those whom they have known and trusted for a long lifetime they turn a glance of suspicion. They may be old folks who have much wealth, then the careless observer would say they suspected mercenary motives in the ministry of their nearest and dearest; they may be dependent old bodies, who mistrust their friends, who they fear consider them a burden, or they may be neither one nor the other, but as age comes upon many a one we knew when they were otherwise, we see the black shadow of this queer suspicious feeling, which comes the Evil One knows whence or how. We commonly call this period a second childhood, but there is nothing in common between the two extremes of life. The child claims our love and care and protection as a right; he is not grateful nor doubtful, little king of hearts! It is all his due that we should pay him honor and do him service. But in the second childhood, when the shadows lengthen and the brain grows weary and the thoughts confused, there is often added to all, the suspicion, the mistrust and the uneasiness of which I speak. One hates to meet it, to see the dear old people who have lived too long doubting and imagining all sorts of miserable slights and sorrows. And just why they do it has always baffled me!

The wishing of a long life to those we would be kind to has always seemed to me a piece of unconscious irony. Not a long life to my best friend do I wish, save for the selfish pleasure of loved company. Nor a long life for myself do I crave, for any reason whatever, but a full life, a life every day of which I feel myself living to the utmost, and whether working or playing, finding no moment superfluous. The life of joy, says a great writer, cannot be the longest life, and one cannot live always in the sunshine. There are dark days needed, and dark days are hard living, but one would not deny them, for it is in the dark room that our brightest soul pictures develop; it is in the dark hour that our cobwebs of selfishness and our dross of materialism are swept off like the trifling, worthless rubbish they are! Did you ever watch a kodak flend at work, when he bends over the glimmering lighted bath and washes the plate that seems nothing but a blank to you and to me? And he sozes it carefully, and by and by he says with a satisfied chuckle, "I see it," and you peer, and try to see it too, and just when you are giving up the effort the picture grows before your eyes. And there is no more grumbling at the darkness, nor the delay—you can only watch with fascinated gaze the development of the fair face, or the sea-scape, or the poem of forest and stream. First the clear sunshine, then the dark room to make the picture perfect, and the waiting—when one learns patience—and the bath, that might be of tears, and the strong faith that the picture is there and will be beautiful some time. Verily, one learns a lot even from a kodak flend!

There is a good deal of talk about bicycles and their merits just now, and sometimes we hear things that are sensible and sometimes the reverse. I think a timely kick from one bicyclist about a tax on the silent steed is in order. We pay a great many taxes now in this good city of Toronto, and we can afford to do some very idiotic things with the money raked in. If the bicyclists injured the pavements they should help to pay for them, that is if they are not already taxed smartly, as I am, but does anyone believe that a thousand bicycles a day would wear out a piece of asphalt in twenty years or even in fifty? The soft, springy pneumatic wheel does not rasp or crack or jar the roadway; it is almost absolutely harmless in that respect. Of course at this point we must remember that a special tax on wheels must necessarily reduce the general tax, and thus perhaps ease the ones who are large ratepayers, instead of increasing their burdens. As to the danger to passers-by, I can only say that so long as dozens of pedestrians prefer the roadway to the sidewalk and don't keep their eyes open, they should not be surprised if they are occasionally turned over, either by a trolley car or a wheel. The other day I was in the vicinity of some large warehouses and factories, and when the noon bell rang I saw a number of the employees hurry out, jump on their wheels and go tearing off as if the fiend were after them. They dashed around corners like a shot, narrowly escaping collision. I believe one reason why they rode in Tam O'Shanter was because an hour is not much time to allow for a trip home and a trip back, with a wash and a dinner between. Some have even less than that, as I know personally. Another reason was that many of these men are not apt to trouble themselves with the small courtesies of life and don't care much about the nerves of others, having no nerves to speak of themselves. Not one of these furious riders carried a club ribbon on his wheel, and only one in ten carried a bell. I think an unprejudiced observer would soon discover what class of cyclists is bringing the wrath of noneyeling editors and nervous women upon the whole fraternity. There is no remedy I can suggest but a longer dinner hour, and that will, at all events, please the Tam O'Shanter.

I have received several letters from lady riders and one from a man who signs himself "Open to Conviction," enquiring my opinion as to the boom costume. Frankly, I don't see the necessity for it, I don't see anything pretty in it, and I am at present so behind the age that I don't think anything would persuade me to wear it. The only advantage of the divided garment of any make over the all-round skirt is that the dress-guard could be left off a lady's wheel and take a few ounces off the weight of it. If a skirt is short enough it cannot catch, it won't prove an impediment to riding, for in a high wind it will decide on furling itself, whether you like it or not, and it does away with the suggestion of mannishness which the advanced cycling costume arouses in the minds of anti-cyclists, both men and women. Having the unbiased and exhaustive opinion of Mr. Gay, given with a frankness refreshing and convincing, I judge all men from this experience, and I conclude that a petticoat of some sort on their cycling better halves, sisters and sweethearts seems to them a necessary feminine adornment. For that, if for no other reason, I would retain my cycling skirt, and must tell my correspondents that my own leanings are rather skirt-wise than otherwise.

LADY GAY.

THE SONG OF THE RAPIDS.

Written and Illustrated by Carl Ahrens.

One of the main points in canoeing is to make up your mind as to where you will go, by what stream or lake. Another is to get a canoe, that is, providing you are not already supplied, even if you have to procure it at night, after the manner in which the bad black man gets his chickens. Having gotten your canoe and other necessities, make up your mind to cruise the Grand River. Regarding the necessities I will say very little, as every bold canoeist has his own choice in the matter, but I would just suggest, don't take any canned green peas. I was unfortunate enough on one occasion to take with me one of the most determined canned green pea eaters it was ever man's misfortune to meet. He expounded his belief in green peas weeks before we started, which, by the way, was last spring. He even told me in confidence that he would rather go without bread than miss taking the peas. Well, the consequence was that we had to give in to his strong green pea individuality and we took them. The last time I saw the doctor he said that his recovery was now almost certain. Another thing I would like to suggest is, don't take any pies; you can get along very well without them, and besides, if you should happen to sit down on or step into one while getting into your canoe you would find it very irritating, especially if it were wrapped in your clean sweater, which you had intended wearing at the end of the trip. You are all prepared for one of the best

The next dose from the shore will be bad English, but you will be able to understand it and will be impressed with the strong individuality and *fin de siècle* profanity of this class. Your third dose will be in Dutch; but as they are a slow and very thoughtful class of people you would have to stay over until the next day in order to hear their remarks and have them interpreted. This you don't do, as time flies, and they can take it out of the next party behind, whom they will be sure to wait for.

You have camped for your noon meal during this time, and as the golden sun is sinking to rest you sweep into shore at the old-fashioned Dutch village of Bridgeport, and we are met by Dad of the Bridge Hotel, a man all heart, who has been watching for you an hour or more, as you had telegraphed him your party would be on hand. What a good hearty greeting you will get! Dad and good old Mam all smiles, good warm fire, for these nights are chilly. Your clothes are wet, but you will leave with everything dry in the morning; Mam will see to that. You may possibly be internally slightly wet with the good coffee and beer provided by Dad and Mam, but that is not the same as river wet.

Next morning after a good hot breakfast you shove off. On you go, all excitement, for this is to be one of your days of days. You soon pass through Breslau, another small Dutch village. Helter-skelter goes a flock of geese, and everybody in the party yells; a few lazy villagers

all this time, and land out of the smooth water below where you get rid of a few pailfuls of the same. Perhaps your bow man, a green hand at river work, is somewhat pale and shaky about the knees and wet to the skin. In a dazed



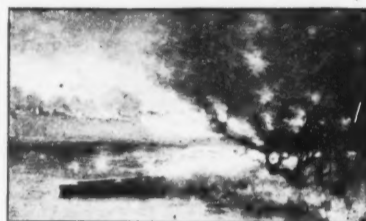
The Goose Girl shakes her gad at you.

kind of a way he fishes for some anti-prohibition bitters while you enjoy a few puffs of the weed and quietly chuckle, for he is the man who told you that a canoeist who could paddle a lake could get through on any river. But he is corked for the rest of the trip. Again you shove off, then take a whirl out of the rapids at Freeport, which will require your good attention. It is now very near noon camp, and after a short paddle you land close to the petrifying springs on the right shore, have a good hot dinner and dry your clothes, also collect a few specimens from the springs. During the rest of your day's trip you will pass by Doon, then the famous old River Bend Camping Ground, held down this year by camps Triangle and Ki-Yi. You run a few stiff rapids, then through Belair.

Just here you encounter another wire fence; cut it down. A few more rapids, then portage over the big dam at Galt on left side; paddle two miles further on, then camp as the cows come home. A few rustics will linger around while you are building the fires and getting things into shape for the night. They will get you milk, and butter, and charge you two prices; but worry not, you get a small grunter and a chicken or two ahead. On one of my trips I had with me one of the most remarkable men to trade and have things given him, that I ever met. He would come into camp every evening with onions, lettuce, chickens, and on one occasion a small pig; and twice on breaking camp and getting well on the start, I have seen those kindly farmers running along the shore promising him many things more if he would only land; but his modesty always kept him from it. You are now all ready for the night; the rapids lull you to sleep, and you dream of Chicopee falls of the day, and Glenmorris falls of the morrow. You are awakened early next morning by the clanging of cow bells, and get a fire just in time to rescue your trousers, one leg of which is fast becoming part of a brindle calf. Preparatory to starting you tie down everything in the canoe, for Glenmorris falls and the Eleven Link Rapids are before you. Shoving out into the drink you are soon facing one of the very worst falls on the Grand; you must now keep close to the right shore, run them on the same side and you get a repetition of Chicopee on a larger scale, and run a big chance of a smash-up, so use great care. After going over the falls you are struggling in the first rapid of the Eleven Links; you are tossed like a chip, and are hardly out of one before you have to gather your wind and energies for another, and so it is until you have completed the chain. You will find them interesting; the last one especially I will always remember. A party of us, having left Galt late in the day, ran all but the last in

the wake of our strange guide, the boiling waters and the weird Indian song that floated back to our ears mingling with the booming of the rapids, and that scarcely discernible figure just in front called to our minds the legend of the phantom guide of the Grand, and cold gray shivers chased each other down our spines. After getting through the rapids the canoe and figure ahead disappeared in the gloom. "Uncanny!" you say. Yes, I can feel it yet. Well, we landed at Paris alongside of an old flat-bottomed scow, and had just gotten our legs straightened out when we were again hailed by our guide of the last rapid of the Links. He turned out to be a Dutchman who had bought the scow above the rapids and was taking it home. "But the singing," you say. Well, he told us it was, "De Wacht am Rhein," and he "always singed like do."

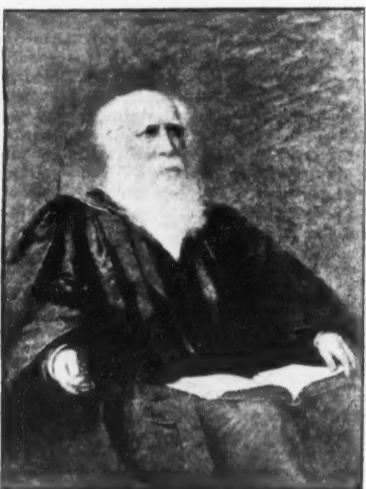
You have now run the Eleven Links and arrive at Paris; portage over Paris dam on the right side, below which you strike a couple of small shake ups, and are then in the smooth water the rest of the way. You are soon at Wilks dam; run up close and portage on right shore, then after a short run you go through the head gates into the old canal at Brantford, the home of Pauline Johnson and many noted river canoe-men, who will give you a warm welcome. Wash off your war paint and put up at the Kirby House, where you will be well looked after. Take this trip in reality with me next spring. Brush the cobwebs from off your blades and come listen to The Song of the Rapids.



Portraits Unveiled at Knox.

ON Wednesday afternoon at Knox College occurred the unveiling of the two new portraits presented to the college. One was the portrait of the late Prof. George Paxton Young, presented by the alumni of Knox College who had studied beneath the professor, and the other was of the late James MacLaren of Buckingham, Que., to whose bounty the present efficiency of Knox is in a large measure due. The paintings are in oils from the brush of Mr. J. W. L. Forster.

We have secured a half-tone engraving from



George Paxton Young.

this oil painting of the late Professor Young, for there has perhaps been no man who has left his impress in such marked degree upon the characters of those who acquired knowledge at his feet, nor one whose memory is held in greater honor. Prof. Young came to Canada from Scotland, 1849, and commenced work in Knox church, Hamilton. But the Presbyterian body was not slow to recognize distinguished ability, and in less than four years he was called to a professorship in Knox College, Toronto, then in its early days. Here he continued until his transference to University College in 1871, excepting for an interval during which he acted as Inspector of Grammar Schools. He lectured on mental and moral philosophy, logic, evidences of natural and revealed religion, theology and classics. He taught with rare success and seemed at home in every branch of knowledge, though mental and moral philosophy was peculiarly his own subject, and at University College he devoted himself mostly to it. To his metaphysical ability Prof. Young added mathematical attainments of so high an order as to draw from his colleague, Prof. Cherriman, the testimony that he was one of the most remarkable mathematicians that ever lived. He made several discoveries in higher mathematics, one of which led the same high authority to give him the credit for having completely solved a problem which had baffled the best mathematicians and had been till then a notorious *crux* in mathematics. Scattered all over the world are men who have acquired wisdom and virtue from this man, and to these the unveiling of his portrait at Knox College has a peculiar interest.

Mrs. Grumby says she don't know what they want with a grand jury. She thinks common juries grand enough, as her husband felt so grand when he was on the jury that nobody dared to speak to him for a month afterwards.

"And the prisoner, when arrested, was disguised as a woman?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir."

"How did you discover his identity?"

"We told him his hat wasn't on straight, and he wouldn't pay any attention to us."

From the *Tombstone Warbler* in the wild and woolly West: "If Nola Twigg, the servant girl in Portland, Ore., who recently fell heir to \$200,000, will call at this office, she will hear something greatly to her advantage. We are a bachelor."

Night Camp on the Grand.

trips it is possible for a canoeist to make, and if you will follow me closely I will tell you just how to make it. First, ship your canoe and dunnage to Elora, by express, but not until you are ready to start yourself, as the usual run of railroad men are not any too careful in handling a canoe; so if you are on hand, in case of any changes, you may often prevent it from being roughly handled. When you arrive at Elora, camp below Little Falls for a few days and take in all the sights; then, if you are inclined towards relic-hunting, the probabilities are you may find some in the numerous holes and caves in the great rocky walls between Little and Big Falls. There are also quite a number of nooks and queer corners in the rocks that wall the Irwin, which runs into the Grand river just below Red Man's Cove. After having taken in all the splendid scenery that one will find in and around Elora, get all in readiness the night before you make the start down the river, so that you may fully enjoy the beauties along its shores. Get up bright and early next morning, load and trim carefully. Take your time, as you had better not go any farther than Bridgeport the first day. The rapids between the two falls, which boil and roar through what is called "the gorge," will fascinate you; but don't try to run them. You could do it, but wouldn't be able to get ashore after the start, and would be swept over Little Falls, which, without the intervention of a miracle, would be the end of your canoeing in this world.

Between Elora and Bridgeport you will encounter seventeen or eighteen wire fences, strung across the river by the Patrons of Industry, who, no doubt, would like to girdle the earth in a like manner. Cut them down; everyone else does. No one has any right to fence in a Government stream. For a short time the fences will occupy your attention; but if you have Sampson of the Brantford Canoe Club with you, wire fences will pass away. If you haven't Sampson, a solid piece of iron and an old axe will do just as well. You will enjoy the intelligent remarks from the watching Patrons on the shore, and your actions will further encourage them to vote in the next election for Jacob Schnickelschneider to fill the place of Lieutenant Governor at seventy cents per day, so that Government House could be utilized as a granary. When they talk to you it is the proper caper to tell them that their whiskers are ripe. This agricultural remark always seems to interest a Patron. The first baranque you get is in Scotch. You don't mind it very much, as the cackling of a hen is much the same as the language of an excited Scotchman.

manage to move in your direction to see what the row is about, and the goose girl angrily shakes her gad at you. Soon Breslau is lost to sight. After paddling for some time you hear the distant roar of Chicopee Falls, and the shores echo back your wild canoeist's war-cry. You paddle up to within two hundred yards of the falls and land on the right shore; then walk to below the falls and see at what point it is best to run them; for run them you will, that is, if you are a river man, but if you are a lake canoeist it is likely you will funk. But don't; you can get through if you will keep cool. All decided, you again



River Bend Camping Grounds.

shove off, and are at once shot into the rapids above the falls; nearer, nearer you approach the big dip, the waters of which are lashed into one seething fury. No human voice can be heard above the awful din. Keep cool, bow and stern. Down you go at last into the black-looking trough of angry waters; half-way up the comb you rise; your staunch craft splits it; then out into the rapids below, your canoe half full of water and the waves splashing in at every dip. You have been paddling hard for shore

the dark, then went ashore to hold council. We had to get through somehow, as we had taken no camping outfit and would have to stay at Paris over night, so it was very necessary that we should get through. While turning things over in our minds in a kind of fuddled way, we saw a canoe shoot out from the shore a short distance below us, a figure stood erect, paddling, and a voice hailed us, "Come on!"

We did not stop to think, but were soon in

Short Stories Retold.

When first we were at Abington (writes W. R. Le Fanu in his reminiscences of Irish life), a peasant girl came two or three times to the rectory with a hare and other game for sale. My father, wishing to ascertain whether she came by them honestly, asked her where she got them. "Sure, your reverence," said she, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

Some years ago, a farmer sued an orphan asylum at Buffalo for injury to his sheep by a dog kept at the asylum. The case was tried in the county court, and the judge held as follows: "I have carefully looked over the defendant's charter, and I find that it is not authorized to keep anything but orphans. Keeping a dog was, therefore, *ultra vires*, and it is not liable in this action."

On one occasion, in a case as counsel, and questioning a witness, Sir Francis Johnson, afterward chief justice of the Superior Court of Province of Quebec, said: "I want to know, did you see it done?" Witness—"No, I was not an eye-witness, but an ear-witness." "Ah," remarked Sir Francis, "a near witness and not a high witness? That is what I call a distinction without a difference!"

There is a story told of a colored girl who happened to meet a gentleman going down the street and who got on the same side of the narrow walk; then both started for the other side, and another collision was imminent. They then danced back and dodged again, when the colored girl suddenly stopped and said: "See heah, mister, what am dis gwine to be, a schottische or a waltz?"

Kate Field's Washington tells of one John who was accused of some offence against the laws, tried, and found guilty. Some of his relatives attended the trial, but his mother remained at home. On their return, she asked: "What did they do with John?" "He was sentenced to State's prison for five years," was the answer. "Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady; "why, how foolish that was—he won't be contented there for half that time."

Forty years since, Porte Crayon was down on Albemarle Sound and told a native that there were men with mouths eight inches wide. The native declared that was a fish story; Porte reproved him for his incredulity and pointed out that deductions from known facts proved this statement. "We know," he said, "that oysters must be eaten whole; we know that there are oysters eight inches across the minor dimension; therefore, there must be mouths eight inches wide to take them in, or the beautiful chain of harmony in the universe is broken."

Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously enquired after the health of his dear Rossini. "Bad, very bad," answered the latter; "a headache, a side ache, and a leg I can scarcely move." After a few moments' conversation, Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it was he had suddenly become so unwell. Smilingly Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better; I only wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would be so glad to see me smash up."

A Virginia judge once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" enquired the judge. "Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "dars de ole barn, and maw's has jes built a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of visitors who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Metodist's or Baptist's, we generally puts 'em in de ole barn; but if dey's 'Piscopal, we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Sam, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

This gruesome tale is told in a French paper: "The flying assassin of M. Carnot was caught and held until apprehended by M. L., a good citizen of Lyons. Two evenings later he was visited at his home by a pair of well dressed young men, who announced themselves as Parisian journalists, whose visit was for the purpose of honoring the brave M. L.—and to beg a photograph for illustration of a just article upon his admirable action. The good M. L. complied with modest pleasure. As soon as the visitors had the gift fairly in their possession, they withdrew, only stopping at the door long enough to say calmly, 'Sir! we are not journalists, but anarchists. We have your head—look out for it—it is already lost!'"

There are those who cannot forgive the son of "poor but respectable parents" for gaining distinction not to be bought with money. Beaumarchais, the author of *The Marriage of Figaro*, was the son of a provincial watchmaker, but raised himself to fame, wealth and rank by the force of his talents. An insolent young nobleman undertook to wound his pride by an allusion to his humble origin, and, handing him his watch, said, "Examine it, sir; it does not keep time well. Pray ascertain the cause." Beaumarchais extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. "You see, my dear sir," replied he, "you have applied to the wrong person. My father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

The late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melanesia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defence. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section in New Zealand, owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough in one of the back streets of Auckland if he was "the Bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that then," struck his lordship in the face. "My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible tells me that if a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other, and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered and wondering what was coming next, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and taking off his coat and

hat he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.

Benvenuto Coronaro, the composer of *Festa Marina*, whose Claudia is to be given at the Milan Scala Theater this season, recently published some reminiscences in one of the Italian musical papers. He was serving once in the army, and was ordered to take part in a long march. On the way, a melody came to him. He could not get rid of it. He heard it above the toots of the trumpets and the beat of the drums. The soldiers themselves seemed to be marching to the rhythm; it would not leave him. Suddenly the fear possessed him that he might forget the melody; it was necessary to write it down. Taking courage, he drew his notebook from his pocket and began to write. Of course he lost his place in the ranks, and the sergeant hurried toward him. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Take your place in the company at once!" "But I cannot," cried Coronaro. "I must write this down!" and he began to whistle the tune in the face of the under officer. "That was too much," says the composer. "He drew his sword, and was about to strike me over the back, when the captain appeared. The sergeant made a report, while I continued to write." "What are you writing?" thundered the captain. I handed him the notebook, which he read quickly. "The man is to continue writing," he went on. "But if that piece" (and he pointed threateningly to the sheet of paper in my hand) "is not played by the regimental band to-morrow morning, he will be put in prison for eight days." He then put spurs to his horse and disappeared. The band played the piece on the following day.

Pretty Things One Sees.

JUST at this season the jewelry shops are at their prettiest. It will be only a couple of months until people with more or less love in their hearts and more or less money in their pockets will begin to think of Christmas and New Year's gifts. Then the memory of pretty things seen in October will recur to them and they will price and compare, and count up their bank balance if peradventure they may indulge in an investment of gold and pearl and precious stones. I went through one of the leading shops one day last week and I want to tell of a few of the lovely things I saw. First, if you love china, there is a new style of decoration which is most delicate and elegant, a sort of lace-work of silver over pale tinted cups and plates and bowls. One tiny coffinet in dull pink Coalport china was latticed with this exquisite silver tracing which is applied by a process peculiar to Paris artists, and which is quite novel. The tray had its lace-like border, the little cream-jug and sugar-bowl and fairy *tele-a-tele* cups had their clinging fall of silver network. The cosy coffee-pot was delicately touched with the same design. Beside the coffee set, there were bowls and dainty classic-shaped urns and pitchers. The most exquisite library set, in mother-of-pearl and silver, lying luxuriously in a satin casket, was perhaps the thing I most admired in all the pretty show. There were pencil-eraser, paper knife, pen and what not beside, in shimmering pearl and glinting steel, and on each handle was laid a light scroll of silver most gracefully and beautifully shapen. Such a gift should go to the boudoir of one of the smart women whose literary efforts are confined to the writing of sweet little notes and words of kind sympathy to those she loves. A menu card-holder in silver, which was combined with a cone-shaped bouquet-holder, was another new and useful little article. Some time ago enquiry was made for such a convenience by one of our titled citizens and the demand ensured a supply, as it always does from enterprising tradespeople, for we have fortunately very few shop-keepers of the type so cleverly satirized by Russell R. Conwell last winter, who are only irritated by being asked for things not in stock but never think it necessary to secure them for their customers. Ivory and ebony with interludes of tortoise shell rule the mode in toilette table furnishings. The combination of tortoise shell and silver is a continental fancy which has become quite the rage in America this season. There are pure and perfect sets in ivory, polished to a nicety, big brush, little brush, hand mirror, manicure set, and latest of all, a tiny mouth-mirror, which my lord and my lady use carefully to note the condition of those precious appendages, a good set of teeth. The ebony-backed toilette articles are magnificent with a handsome raised crest and monogram in silver, and are suitable and much prized adjuncts to the toilette table of the dowager. One of the cutest little gifts imaginable would be a fairy photo frame, to hold a sunbeam picture, and its proper material would be tortoise shell, set in silver. The ivory-backed toilette sets are rather smarter than the silver ones, and what is not generally known, cost more money. I quite fell in love with a pen tray, formed of the solid polished pearl shell, on a gold stand, with an inkstand riveted to the center. They come with carved open-work

edges as well, but the plain ones seem to me the more beautiful.

All these pretty things are useful as well as ornamental, but they bide at home for the comfort of their owners. When madame goes forth armed for conquest, her weapon is neither sword nor spear, but the fan. And what fans! Vast, sweeping halos of downy plumes. One costs a hundred dollars. "Gracious!" cries the lady. "What a price! Why, allowing those feathers to be worth four dollars each, there is only that scrap of tortoise mounting, and where do you get value for a hundred dollars?" And the smiling salesman says in a suggestive tone, "Please count the feathers." And lo! the number of the feathers was four and twenty, which topped madame's valuation in a surprising degree.

And for the luncheon table I saw a regal ice-cream set in silver and gold, complete, and a useful but handsome bread set, with hardwood board set in silver, silver-handled knife and trident with silver prongs and ivory handle, for so dainty have we grown that we cannot lift our bread from the plate with our fingers; wicked-looking and infinitesimal red-pepper castors with gold scoop and lid in one piece, suggestive of the lobster and oyster *petits soupers*; also a chafing dish—by the way, why don't we have more chafing-dish cookery after the opera and the concert, when a dainty sizzling little humor is just what one needs to put one in excellent humor with oneself!

LA MODE.
Thanks for courtesies and information are due to Messrs. Ryrie Bros., Yonge street.

The New Type-Writer Girl.

For a reporter with but little to write and plenty of time in which to write it, there is nothing more pleasant than to dictate a narrative to a cheerful type-writer, particularly if she be young, and have nice soft hair to distract the eye, and well-formed, white fingers, and be, withal, exceedingly pleasing. But for a reporter with a long yarn to write and a limited amount of time to finish it, things sometimes have a different aspect.

Near Printing House Square is a type-writing office which many newspaper men frequent. A new girl came there one day lately—a real nice girl and an excellent operator—but she had never done that kind of work before. While she was sitting in the main room upon the afternoon of her first day, a newspaper man came bustling in, and—

"Mrs. J., have you got anybody to take a two-column story in a hurry?"

"Yes," replied the manager. "Here is a young lady who has just come to us. Miss Brown—Mr. Smith. You can go into that corner room."

In three minutes the young lady was seated at her machine, the newspaper man was sorting out his notes, and the door was closed so as to leave them undisturbed. "Now, if you will please begin," the newspaper man said. "In these days of stern reality and suffering and struggle for existence, a romantic episode comes upon one with the refreshing delight with which a traveler in a desert beholds an oasis."

Clickety-clickety-click went the keys and then—

"Isn't that lovely! Is it going to be a novel?"

The newspaper man looked up in amazement; but it was utterly impossible to be angry with such blue eyes regarding him in admiration.

"No," he said; "please go on. 'In the monotonous routine of Tombs Police Court cases, however, there was one yesterday behind which lay a story so romantic and so picturesque that it would almost seem to have been created by a great novelist who had striven to excel all his past efforts.'"

When this had been recorded, and while the newspaper man was wondering what he would say next, the young lady, smiling most radiantly, prattled on in this fashion:

"That's just splendid. It sounds like a real novel. Did you ever read 'Clarissa' or 'The Fortuna Hope'? It begins something like that, only it isn't so interesting. Do you know, I never took dictation like that before. The last place I worked in I had nothing to do but copy letters. Oh, dear! wasn't it tiresome, though!"

The newspaper man felt his collar getting too small, but, after swallowing something that seemed to stick in his throat, he said, as gently as possible:

"Won't you please go on! I'm in somewhat of a hurry. What have you got there?"

"Where?" in great surprise.

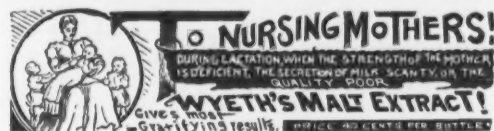
"I mean, please read over what I have dictated."

"Oh, how stupid I am! 'In these days of stern reality'—how do you pronounce that word, in two syllables or three? Thank you—'stern reality' and suffering—"

And she read what she had written. Then, just as the newspaper man had settled back in his chair, determined to dictate to the end without giving her another opportunity to interrupt him, she said:

"Excuse me; I think my hair is coming down."

She went to a little mirror in a corner of the room, examined her hair carefully, and then,



Try...



The Best Plug Cut

after touching up the puffs of her sleeves and smoothing her waist, she sighed and returned to her seat.

"There, now, I'm all ready."

For the next few minutes she had to work so hard that she hadn't time to say a single word. But soon the page was filled and she had to insert a new sheet, and that was her opportunity.

"Gracious! How fast you dictate. It almost takes my breath away. But do you know, I like it. I think it's good practice. Were you there when all that happened? My! I wish I could be a reporter."

The newspaper man went on with his dictation. He was fast growing hopping mad, but he hadn't the heart to say a harsh word to the girl. She was really very pretty, and, as she became interested in the story, a delicate flush mantled her cheeks, and it was a positive pleasure to watch her. But a newspaper man has no time for pleasure during business hours, and these charms did not interest him as much as they might have done under other circumstances. But he struggled bravely on.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, stopping in the middle of a sentence, "did that really happen?"

"Yes, yes! Will you please go on?"

"Well, the idea! I wouldn't have believed it. Do you know, I don't believe half what I read in the papers. But, of course, if you say so, it must be true."

"I'm very sorry I can't chat with you, Miss Brown, but really, I'm in a great hurry."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I forgot all about that."

For nearly ten minutes there was not a break in the dictation, save where a sheet became full and a fresh one had to be inserted. The type-writer kept her lips firmly pressed together, as if she were exerting all her strength to keep silent. It was clear to see that it could not last much longer. In the middle of a paragraph she suddenly stopped, and, with a brief "Excuse me for a moment," left the room. In a few seconds she returned, with her jaws moving convulsively and a piece of chewing-gum in her hand.

"Won't you have some?" she asked politely.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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"The Best Table Water extant"—*Court Journal*

Godes-berger

HER MAJESTY'S TABLE WATER BY APPOINTMENT.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, of Health, writes: For Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and allied troubles I recommend

Godes-berger

"A War of Absolute Purity.—Health." "Miss well with Spirit."—*The Lancet* "It has no equal."—*Court Circular*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has already been supplied with

Over 75,000 Bottles of

Godes-berger

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants, Hotels, Restaurants and Chemists.

"N-n-no-and—I'll tell you what—er—I guess I won't have time to finish this story to-day. I'll come back some other time."

"Oh! you're not going, are you? I'm awfully sorry. I was just getting interested in the story."

"Very sorry—er—how much? Here. All right. Good day!"

And seeing the few sheets that lay on the desk, the newspaper man went away and finished the story with a pen.—*New York Sun*.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines.

Coutts & Sons.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

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A Night at the Opera.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

"Talking of the opera," said Major Bethune, "did I ever tell you how I heard Gris! for the first time?"

"I was at Addiscombe (which was the Sandhurst of my time) when Gris! first came to town, and my great chum there was young Anthony Hambledon, the present baronet. I think he must have been the slackest man ever constructed, and the ugliest. A pale, sombre face he had, red hair, no eyebrows to call such, and when he was quiet, which was but seldom, you would take him for a man incapable of mirth and sunk in hopeless melancholy; but the moment he began to speak there would be a mirth fit to make you die of laughter.

"He had a passion for music, and when the report of Gris!' wonderful success reached us, nothing would serve but he must go to hear her, and I with him.

"I was a sad dog in those days—ah, they were days," said the major with an accent of regret. "So we laid a careful plan, and one night had a chaise-and-pair waiting for us at the cross-roads. Early hours were the rule at Addiscombe, and as soon as the lights were extinguished we were out of the window and over the wall.

"It was a fine dry night, with a broad moon, and the roads rang under the galloping hoofs. We put up at the sign of the Golden Sun, close to the opera house.

"All the way up Tony had been like a boy possessed—he shouted and sang, driving at a hand-gallop the whole time—but the moment the music began he fell under its spell, sitting as quiet as a dead man.

"When the curtain fell he woke as if from a trance, and began to look about him. 'By the Lord, Jack!' he whispered, 'there's my venerated father yonder in a box; and, what is more, he's just spotted his darling son, and there'll be the devil's own trouble.'

"Sure enough, I was presently aware of a burly, red faced old Sir John Hambledon, fixing Anthony with an angry stare. 'Anthony!' he cried in his great voice, so that half the theater turned to look, 'Anthony! what the devil may you be doing here, sir?'

"Tony, who had been absentmindedly biting his nails, looked up blankly. 'I beg your pardon,' he said mildly, 'my name is John Bethune. Not Anthony; nothing like it. Some mistake, sir, some mistake!'

"Old Sir John was taken aback for a moment, his face purpling above his white stock and the veins in his forehead swelling.

"'Oh!' he said, with a strained calmness. 'Ah! You are not my son Anthony Hambledon, aren't you? Not my son! And there's some mistake, is there? By the Lord, young man, you're right!' and he swore aloud.

"Anthony turned a bewildered face to me. 'The old story,' he remarked in a loud aside, and shook his head. 'Sad, isn't it? My dear sir,' he said to the fuming baronet, 'I know very well you think you are perfectly sober, and I give you every credit for it; but the fact remains, you are quite seriously the reverse. It's a wise son that knows his own father, but it's a drunk father that doesn't know his own son. Attendants, remove this gentleman!'

"Sir John lost his temper and broke into imprecations; the bell rang for the rising of the curtain; a storm of shouts, mingled with hisses and howls from pit and gallery, assailed him; and the end of it was the old gentleman had to retire to his box again.

"All through the act I could see Sir John in his box keeping a watchful eye on his outrageous son; but at the end there was a scene of great enthusiasm, the whole audience rising to its feet with cheers. Tony touched me, and we whipped out of the theater.

"We had every sleepy hostler in the inn-yard broad awake and stirring for dear life in two minutes; Tony spared neither language nor half-crowns.

"'Sit tight!' said Tony, as we shaved the corner post. 'Did you ever see me drive? because you're going to now. Shout, man, shout like—till we're clear of the streets, or we'll kill somebody!'

"The horses laid their ears back, and the chaise leaped and bounded on the roadway; a frenzy of excitement rose in me, like a draught of wine, and I screamed and halloed like a madman. Windows were flung up and heads thrust out; every vehicle we met swerved into the pavement, or charged up by-streets to avoid us; the foot-passers scurried in all directions.

"Tony never slackened the pace from one end to the other; bare-headed, with his lank, red hair blown off his forehead, eyes alight and teeth clenched, he looked extremely like a demon in a pantomime, I thought. How we got safely back I shall never know.

"Now, said Tony, as he got into bed, 'if I know anything of my misguided parent, he will shortly be on in this scene; but I think I can work him.'

"I suppose we had been in bed about half an hour, when we heard the sound of horse-hoofs coming rapidly down the road at a heavy trot; the bell clanged loudly, there was a noise of arrival, and presently a stamp of heavy steps along our corridor. The door opened, and in came the governor himself, bearing a lighted candle and followed by Sir John Hambledon.

"I need not say we both feigned the profoundest alumber, as the governor flashed the light in our faces.

"'I told you so, Sir John,' he said irritably. 'Here is your son safe in bed and sound asleep. You must have been deceived by some chance resemblance.'

"'Chance resemblance!' retorted the baronet passionately. 'Look at him and then tell me if there could be another boy in the compass of the three kingdoms with a face on him like that. Wake up, sir!' and he shook his son by the shoulder.

"Tony woke with a really admirable start. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes, blinking stupidly at the candle; affected suddenly to recognize his father, and his face changed to an expression of the wildest alarm.

"'Father!' he cried; 'father!' breaking into a passion of tears. 'My mother!' he sobbed; 'I know she must be dying, or why—why—should you be here? Tell me—tell me—she's not—dead! Oh, tell me, she's not dead!' and his voice rose to a shriek.

"What followed I don't exactly know, because I was taken with a spasm of laughter and had to retire under the bedclothes, trembling with the fear of discovery. I could hear nothing but a muffled sound of voices and the door closing behind our visitors. We were saved."—*L. Cope Cornford in To-Day.*

Young Alfonso and the Hermit

The little King of Spain, like most wayward children, gives numerous exhibitions of strong-headedness, which, although harmless enough at present, is not one of the best characteristics for a future ruler. The Queen Regent, his small Majesty and his sister went on an excursion a few days ago to Guadalupe, whence a beautiful view of mountain and valley can be obtained. The eye of Alfonso, however, was directed again and again toward a small castle-like building which was on a distant peak and seemed almost impossible to reach.

"Does anyone live there?" asked the King. "Certainly, your Majesty," replied one of the officers; "that is the Casa del Ingles. For eighteen years an Englishman has lived there, without leaving the place or receiving a stranger. The only one who is allowed to come and go is his old, deaf servant."

"Mamma," cried the interested little ruler, "do you know I wish to visit him."

"But your Majesty will not be admitted," ventured to remark General Monilla.

The King looked at the General in a disdainful way for a minute, and drawing himself up to his full height said with dignity:

"Remember this, your Excellency, that the King is admitted everywhere."

True to his word, Alfonso sent a letter to the Englishman announcing his intended visit on the following day. A courier carried the message, and returned in a few hours with the following answer:

"Nothing stands in the way of the visit of your Majesty. I shall leave my house forever to-day."

Alfonso was surprised, and after consulting the Queen Regent his better nature asserted itself, and word was at once sent to the Englishman to remain in his castle, as the King had given up his visit. His Majesty took pride, however, in showing the message from the Englishman to General Monilla, proving that he could "be admitted everywhere."

Who the occupant of the lonely building is is not known, by the natives at least. Naturally all manner of legends have been formed regarding the Englishman in the course of the eighteen years, but none of them probably is true. The servant is as silent as death regarding the identity of his master.—*Modern Society.*

A Divided-Up Native.

"Are you a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honor," was the reply.

"I mean, were you born in this parish?"

"Na. I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" said the sheriff.

"No, sir; I'm here about six years noo."

"Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish?"

"Weel, you see, when I came here sax year an' I just weighed eight stane, an' I'm seventeen stane noo, sae ye see that about nine stane of me belongs to this parish an' the ither eight comes from Camblachie."

A Curious Cheque.

They were talking about remarkable cheques, drafts, etc. in one of the local banks, and a gentleman standing by finally told the following:

"I was once employed," he said, "to collect a balance of seventy-five pounds, which was due to a well known building firm of B— from an eccentric old millionaire. How he made his money I don't know, for it was said that he could neither read nor write, but he had it all the same.

"Well, I found the old boy down in his cellar, and was gratified to hear him say that he could pay the bill at once. 'I haven't that much cash with me,' he said, 'but just wait a moment.'

"He felt around as if looking for a piece of paper, and I was just about to offer him some when his eyes lit on a piece of board about eighteen inches square.

"Just the thing," he said, and with that he picked it up and made a lot of queer-looking marks on it.

"There," he said, 'take that to my bankers and it will be all right.'

"I protested, but he insisted, and finally I did as he said. I handed the piece of plank dubiously enough, I can tell you, to the paying cashier, but what was my relief when he merely smiled, studied the hieroglyphics a moment, and handed me seventy-five pounds. Then he laid the board upon a shelf and that was all there was about it. It transpired that the old man had a system of signs, all his own, which his bankers had agreed to respect. All the same, that bank cheque seemed curious even to them, and it is hanging up in the bank now."—*Tit-Bits.*

TAKE
AYER'S
the Only
Sarsaparilla
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
IT LEADS
ALL OTHER
BLOOD
Purifiers.

GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS
FROM US
BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

Crawled on Her Hands and Knees.

"I could no longer walk upstairs; I had to crawl up on my hands and knees as best I could."

Now isn't that a pitiable picture? Wasn't it a sad and sorry thing for a woman to have to get upstairs like a wounded animal? We should say so. It is enough to make your heart bleed to think of it. Yet it came about simply enough, and might have happened to you or to me as well as to her. She is all right now; she has got over it; but perhaps you would like to hear what put her in that condition. There are things, you know, that break no bones and tear no flesh, yet cripple people as badly as blades, bullets or bludgeons.

She tells the story herself. "For the past ten years," she says, "I never knew what it was to be really strong and well, but I got on fairly up to October, 1890. Then I began to feel tired and weary. The least exertion seemed like hard work; it had the effect of hard work. I had a bad taste in the mouth and a poor appetite. Whatever I ate appeared to lie on my chest heavy and cold like lead. There was pain and a sense of tightness at my chest and sides, and a pain in the back that made me stoop. My hands and feet were cold and clammy, and hot sweats and flushes of heat came over me and made me feel as if I must surely faint away."

"Besides these things there was that curious feeling in the stomach, a kind of knowing, longing sensation which nothing satisfied. At times went by a dry hacking cough set in, and I began to spit up a good deal of thick phlegm. Then came the night sweats, which were soon so bad as to wet my linen; and when I woke in the night the perspiration would be trickling down my chest. My breathing got so short that I had to fight for breath as though the air had been pumped out of the room."

"By and by I was so weak I could no longer walk upstairs, but had to crawl up on my hands and knees as best I could. Gradually I came to my feet, and I sat in a chair. But for my young children I should have been in bed. My husband and all who saw me thought I had consumption and should die. I could take only liquid nourishment."

"During the course of my illness I was under different physicians, and took their medicines, but derived no real benefit from them."

"In May of this year (1892) I went on a visit to Burnham Beeches in hope a change of air might do me good. I staid there, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Fuddidied, told me of Mother Selge's Curative Syrup. She gave me a few doses out of her bottle and I was greatly relieved by it. When I returned home my husband at once got me a bottle from the stores in White Hart street and I took it."

"After taking this medicine for a fortnight I was better than I had been for years. Soon the cough and night sweats left me and I have never been so well as I am now. I tell every one that Mother Selge's Syrup has made me a new creature, though life had begun afresh with me. I wish others to know it, for thousands of women are ill, not knowing where to turn for help. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Louisa Newell, Gordon Road, North Town, High Wycombe, Bucks, November 16, 1892."

A great many people will read Mrs. Newell's pathetic little account of herself, and among them will be women who are in the same plight she was in. They will wonder why the medicine she mentions cured her so quickly in case she had consumption. The explanation is this. She had no disease of the lungs at all; she had chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, which imitates and counterfeits consumption so closely as to deceive expert physicians. This it does because its poison, created in the stomach, reaches and affects all the softer organs. Set the digestion right and in nearly all cases, you soon set everything right. We say this to encourage those who think there is no help for them. They have been treated for complaints they are not suffering with."

"Employer (finding his clerk asleep at the desk)—Look here, my boy, you can clear out at the non-honors! What is his latest freak? You needn't have wakened me so soon for that!"

Husband—H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake? Wife (angrily)—Nothing at all. The cook-book says it's the most delicious cake that can be made."

He (just returned from the East)—Do you know the Hindu girls are taught to think of marriage as a sort of game? Set the digestion right and in nearly all cases, you soon set everything right. We say this to encourage those who think there is no help for them. They have been treated for complaints they are not suffering with."

"Did Miss Flynpe receive many proposals while she was ashore? What is his latest freak? You needn't have wakened me so soon for that!"

"Many! Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she could not even hear a soda-water bottle pop without exclaiming: 'This is so sudden!'

"Ah," remarked the belt-buckle to the bustle, "I think I have seen you before."

"If you ever did," replied the bustle curtly, "I was out of place."

Mistress—And, pray, why do you want to leave us, Anna?"

Cook—The doctor has ordered my grenadier a more generous diet."

"Did you tell the new girl of our custom, my dear, of deducting the amount of her breakage from her wages at the end of the month?"

"Yes, I did."


"And what did she say?"

"She didn't say anything. She broke six glasses, five plates, and the soup-tureen, packed her valise and skipped."

Hunting Parties
Should secure their supplies from
LOCKHART & CO.
Kosmin House Block
GOLF CLUB WHISKY, 75s. per Bottle.
TEA, 25s. per lb. COFFEE, 50c. per lb.
Everything else equally cheap. All goods carefully packed in small boxes with handles. A full line of Hunters' supplies carried.

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TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs a Specialty
In doing up Open Front and Collar Attached Shirt we have no equal
106 YORK STREET
Telephone 1605
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"EL PADRE"
~PINS~
THE
RECOGNIZED
STANDARD
TEN
CENT
CIGAR



On the Beach.
"What! Going to bathe just after you have dined? Why, you will get drowned!"
"No fear. I've eaten nothing but fish."—*Don Chisciotte.*

Bicyclists of Both Sexes
And of all shades of opinion should remember that every additional wheel increases the risk of accidents, both to the rider thereof (not to mention the wheel) and to all with whom he or she may come in contact (so to speak). Lady bicyclists are insured at the same rates as their sweethearts and brothers against accidents of all kinds in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, cor. Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto.

Our Servants
"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back."
"Oh, madam, sure that's just like myself! We shall get on splendidly!"—*Le Figaro.*

A Single Sentence.
A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:
An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

To Bind the Bargain.
Paisley—So Jones is engaged to the heiress! Well, I never thought he cared so much for dollars and cents. Paisley—You don't know Jones. It's a wonder he didn't ask her for a couple of hundred on account.

The Wabash Line
Is positively the shortest and best route to the West and South-west. Passengers leaving Toronto by morning trains reach Chicago same evening and St. Louis next morning without change of cars, making direct connections for all points. Finest sleeping cars and day coaches in America. Ask your nearest railway agent for tickets over the great railway. Full particulars at north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson passenger agent.

Doubly Blest.
Lieutenant X.—I say, old chapple, you have not heard that I yesterday won 150,000 marks in the lottery!
Lieutenant Z.—You don't say so! Lucky dog! Why, you needn't get married!—*Flying Blade.*

Three Home Seekers' Excursions
To all parts of the West and North west via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.
For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto, Ont.

Anita—Do you know I like appearing in the living pictures better than any other kind of show I was ever in? Etta—Why's that? Anita—We don't have to have any dress rehearsals, you know.

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes; that's the only way to get the good out of it.
New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeed admirably, ma'am.

Percival—Miss Walker does not seem to be a very warm friend of yours, Winifred.
Winifred—No; I believe she and my mother had some sort of a quarrel when they were girls.

Dora—Men may not think so, but nowadays there are a great many girls who have no intention of ever marrying.
George—Oh, I know it. I've proposed to a dozen of them.

Wife—And did Mr. Gay really say I was positively dove-like?
Husband—Something of that sort. He said you were pigeon-toed, I believe.

"Er—about this coming prize-fight," said the reporter.
"Well?" asked the pugilist.
"Is it to be fought with bare mouths or telephones?"

Duggin—W'at d'ye t'ink o' de snake charmer, Tim? Tim Watties—Bet ten ter one de snake is blind, Jimmy.

Miss Beauti—How do you like my new photograph? Little Girl—It's perfectly lovely. Did you really sit for it yourself?

This is the message the telegraph-messenger handed to him: "Come down as soon as you can. I am dying."—Kate Eight hours later he arrived at the summer hotel, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself. "Why—what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he

asked. "Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."


Friend—Well, Doc, how's business? Doctor—Fine. Got two new cases in the next room. Friend—What, smallpox? Doctor—No, champagne.

Brown—There ought never be any dissension between capital and labor. Jones—Why so? Brown—Because it takes just as much labor to obtain the capital as it does capital to get the labor.

Landsman—From what you have observed or learned of the few naval engagements of late years, what, in your opinion, is the chief difference between modern battleships and the old kind—when it comes to actual fighting? Old sailor—So far as I hev observed the chief difference is this: The old kind, when hit, went down ker swash, and the new kind goes down ker chug.

From the note-book of a philosopher: "There are two classes of people whom it is impossible to convince against their will—women and men."

CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE SICK HEAD
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

ACHE
Ache they would be almost precious to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

"Unrivalled"
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
Old Scotch Whisky.
A Perfect Blend.
Fifteen Years Old.
All dealers of note keep it. Sole agent for Canada—
H. CORBY, Belleville

HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE
This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.
Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.
None genuine without bearing name and address of
S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST
243 Yonge Street, Toronto

For Spring and Summer.
DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!
Delightfully Refreshing.
BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Dry Kindling Wood
Delivered any amount, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00. A crack! Side as much as a barrel.
HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Send for new circulars.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Auguste Bolte entertained a small party of friends on Wednesday evening.

Monsieur Masson will return to Toronto next week, and a little bird tells me that Madame Masson will accompany him. The genial professor has many friends who will be glad to welcome his bride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beard are visiting friends in Poughkeepsie.

Mr. Harry Davies is on his way to England.

Mrs. Myles of the Queen's Park gave a small dinner party on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Remy Elmslie is expected in Toronto shortly.

A new privilege has been granted to the lady associate members of the Athletic Club. The ladies are at liberty to dine and entertain friends on Wednesdays, Ladies' Day, at the club.

I have been told that St. George's Hall is to be chosen by several hostesses for the scene of their large teas this winter. The hall is eminently adapted for an afternoon function, being quietly and centrally situated, and spacious enough to accommodate the members of a very extended visiting list. Those who wish to give large affairs, but hesitate because of restricted room, will find St. George's Hall quite a convenience and the provision for culinary matters excellent. The terms are so reasonable that if one or two hostesses set the fashion, such a departure will no doubt find favor with very many. The charming hall, with its baronial carvings, was much admired at the three stylish dances given there by Messdames Cawthra, Arthurs and Herbert Mason some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, who have been for five weeks on a tour through the Rockies and to Yellowstone Park, returned home this week.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones are to take up house on North street at once.

Mrs. Williams of Spadina avenue entertained on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Hastings of Sherbourne street has returned from Preston Springs much improved in health.

Miss Lily O. Adams of 325 Seaton street has had a most beautiful exhibit of China painting during the week, which a large number of people have been admiring very much.

Mrs. Von Finkelstein Mountford's lectures at the Pavilion have, as usual, taken Toronto by storm. Everyone who has heard them has enjoyed them, whether they quite agreed with all the ideas brought forward or not. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Capt. and Miss Kirkpatrick were in the front row of the gallery on Monday and seemed to enjoy the clever portrayal of Jewish life and customs given by the lecturer. There was no question that bright-eyed little Eric, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, entered thoroughly into the affair, for his face was a study of rapt attention, and his emphatic nod, when the stone was slung by the shepherd, spoke volumes of boy-interest. The most picturesque lecture of the course, The Bedouins, was given on Thursday evening, and the Friday lecture on The Jews at Home vies with tonight's effort for the popular verdict of "the very best."

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrew have taken up their residence at 16 Spadina road. Mrs. McAndrew will receive her friends every Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Cameron are residing at 16 Spadina road. Friday will be Mrs. Cameron's day for receiving her friends.

Mrs. Blackwell of John street left for New York on Thursday for a two weeks' absence. On her return Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell will reside at 16 Spadina road.

Cards are out for an At Home at Benvenuto next Thursday from four to seven p.m.

The Argonauts give a dance on October 16 at the Club House, which promises to be an extra nice affair. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party have accepted invitations to attend. An Italian orchestra will furnish the music.

Mr. John Small, Collector of Customs, and Mrs. Small have been staying at the Hotel Kaltenbach, Niagara Falls, with a party of Toronto friends.

Mrs. Annie Croft-Jarvis, superintendent of the L.B.T., Montreal, is visiting Lady Wilson.

Miss Edith Armstrong of Fenning street is visiting with Mrs. George Bewick of Orangeville.

Mrs. C. H. Lockhart of Detroit, Mich., who has been visiting friends in Toronto and Newmarket, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kennedy of Maplewood have left on a three weeks' visit to relatives in Morrison and Chicago, Ill.

Lord Hawke's cricketers were greeted with a veritable apell of weather, as the Patrons call it. Rain fell on each day and on Wednesday night a regular soaker did its best to spoil the wicket. The cricketers drove to and from the grounds in the four-in-hand coach and were dined at the Victoria Club on Wednesday evening by Major Cosby, with the home team also in attendance. The Lieutenant-Governor and Colonel Davidson were guests at the dinner. A smart but small group of spectators witnessed the match. Lady de Trafford and Miss Maud de Trafford, who are with Mr. C. E. de Trafford on the tour, were on the Club lawn during the afternoon.

Mrs. Sydney Greene held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. Needless to chronicle that her drawing-rooms were filled with a stream of fashionable callers, who mingled congratulations to the popular young matron with quick

THE NEW STORE

219-221 YONGE STREET, COR. SHUTER

...PROFIT-SHARING...

Profit-sharing is practically what trading here amounts to. Every dollar you invest in merchandize pays you greater dividends in the form of savings than your money can earn you in any other way.

Buying advantageously is the greatest economy. This is the great underlying principle that actuates this store. Its great buying power restricts prices and profits that would otherwise be appropriated by capital. The store is, with you, united in the bonds of mutual service.

BARGAINING FOR REDUCED PRICES

Under the new financial conditions have been so successful as to practically give us the larger share of the local retail business. This is not an idle boast. Look about and see. The greater part of the community knows that this store has the power of producing in abundance what others lack; and that portion that does not know has a false conception of our responsibility, and utterly fails to comprehend what a trade organization like this means to this city and to this common wealth.

OUR POSITION

On this question is unique enough to deserve the consideration of the thoughtful, as well as the attention of the curious.

DRESS GOODS

This business is done on such a scale as to ensure you the widest range of styles along with the greatest economy. It is this masterful grip that brings you what we choose to call profit-sharing.

10,000 Yards at 25c. . .

All-wool Serges and Henriettes, 39 in.; 36-in. Coverts and Persian Fancies, Checks, Mixtures and other weaves; also 54 in. Costume Cloths. The nearest possible value elsewhere sells for 40c.

20,000 Yards at 50c. . .

40-in. Novelty Suiting Tweeds and rough weaves in Mottles, Checks, Plaids, some all wool and others wool and raw silk. The nearest possible value elsewhere sells at 65c.

C. S. HERBERT

219-221 Yonge Street

High in Style
High in Taste
High in QualityAna
Very
Moderate
In Price

An inspection of our new upholstery stuffs will sustain the claim that we make of showing the largest, newest and choicest variety of elegant materials in the city.

FOSTER & PENDER

Toronto's Great Carpet House
14-16 King St. East

glances of admiration at the elegantly arranged salons, which pay deserved tribute to the taste of a thoroughly artistic mind and the generosity of an affectionate relative, the dainty *menage* being, I understand, a gift from the bride's grandfather, Mr. James Austin. Mrs. Greene was assisted in receiving on Wednesday by Miss Elms Arthurs, while two young ladies, Miss Bunting and Miss Martin, poured tea and presided over the *gateau* popularly supposed to possess magic powers in dream-land. Mrs. Greene's reception gown was an exquisite white *faill* and *moire*, brocaded with tiny pink rose buds, with veiling of white *chiffon*. After this week her reception day will be Friday.

A students' supper was held at Wycliffe college on Wednesday, and Professor and Mrs. Loudon entertained the professors and their wives on Thursday evening.

Mrs. R. H. Cozens of Dandass street has returned to the city after a six weeks' sojourn in Orillia, with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

Will Be Here.

Jebb, the optical specialist, at The J. E. Ellis Co.'s, 3 King street east, from 8th till 12th instant. Consultation and examination of the eyes and sight free.

The Sparkle of the Diamond

—is only a hint of its beauty. In our stock you will find many beautiful and tasteful combinations—Diamonds, with Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, Whole Pearls and Turquoise.

Davis Bros.

JEWELERS

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Prices
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Lowest

130 & 132 Yonge St.

THE ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT
In aid of the Band Fund of the
ROYAL GRENADIERS

Will be held in
Massey Music Hall, Friday Even'g. Oct. 19
Under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut. Governor and
Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lieut. Col. Mason and Officers of
the Regiment
When MR. W. W. RAMSAY will present his new scenic
production, "A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD,"
introducing all the latest London Songs and Sketches, and
assisted by
The Band of the Regiment
and Miss Minnie Gaylord

MRS. MOUNTFORD
Oriental Lectures

SUBJECTS:

Oct. 5—Jews At Home.

Oct. 6—True Life of Jacob.

PAVILION 8 p.m.

TICKETS - - - 25 and 50 cents

ELLIOTT & SON

92, 94 and 96 Bay Street

INTERIOR DECORATORS

Sketches submitted for

Relief Ornaments

AND

Silk Hanging Effects

Room Mouldings, Parquetry Floors
Church, House and Memorial Stained Glass
Windows.

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The well known Ladies' Tailor is showing the largest stock of ready-made Mantles to be seen in the Dominion. Over 800 styles, all our own designs, and all made on the premises. Any lady can have a mantle made to order without extra charge; fit and finish guaranteed the best. We manufacture Ladies' Suits and remodel same in any of the leading styles. Our tailor made Costumes are not to be equalled for fancy style and fit. Our Millinery is the latest from Paris and New York, besides our own exclusive styles; and prices are moderate. We have an elegant stock of Capes, golf and military, with and without fur trimmings, from \$8 up. Kindly favor us with a call.

R. WOLFE The Leading Ladies' Tailor of the Dominion

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You Should Not...

purchase a piano without examining the

STEINWAY PIANO

No matter what price you intend paying for a piano, it will pay you to examine the Steinway, and obtain many ideas that will help you in your selection.

We have a fine assortment of these superb instruments in various woods, and are pleased to show them.

Also our large stock of other fine Pianos at lowest possible prices for cash or on easy terms

A. & S. NORDHEIMER

15 King Street East, Toronto

BRANCHES—Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, etc.



Here you are, my boy,
but you needn't fear, as
the
Infants'
Delight...

Soap you used is quite
harmless

Manufactured only by
JOHN TAYLOR & Co.
Toronto.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

A GENUINE COMIC OPERA FEAST

One Week, Starting Monday, October 8

REGINALD De KOVEN and HARRY B. SMITH'S Gorgeous Spectacular
Romantic Comic Opera

...ROB ROY...

AS PRESENTED BY THE

WHITNEY OPERA COMPANY

The Finest and Most Important Comic Opera Organization in the World, as the Cast
submitted will evidence.

JULIETTE CORDEN, Prima-Donna Soprano WILLIAM PRUETT, Primo Baritone
LIZZIE MACNICOL, Prima Donna Contralto BARON BERTHALD, Primo Tenor
ANNA O'KEEFE, Mezzo-Contralto HUGH CHILVERS, Primo Basso
Three Comedians—Richard F. Carroll, Joseph Herbert, Harry Parker
CHORUS OF 80 SELECTED VOICES. ORCHESTRA OF 28 PICKED MUSICIANS
TWO COMPLETE CARLOADS OF ELABORATE SCENERY
Prices, 25c. to \$1.50.

Jacobs & Sparrow's OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Week Commencing Monday, October 8

N. S. WOOD

IN A GRAND PRODUCTION OF

THE ORPHANS OF NEW YORK

A Reflex of Life in a Great City, presented with Elaborate
Scenery, Novel Mechanical Effects and Interpreted
by an Excellent Company.

Prices Always the Same—15, 25, 35 & 50c.

Next Week—"A FLAG OF TRUCE."

Musin

...The Violinist

AND HIS COMPANY OF

5:STARS:5

MASSEY MUSIC HALL, OCT. 11

Plan Now Open at Messrs. Nordheimer's

Musin is by many regarded as the successor of the post-violinist, Ole Bull. The New York World says: "Musin is as much beyond description as he is above criticism."

WITH MUSIN:

ANNIE LOUISE TANNER-MUSIN - Prima Donna
BESSIE DONNALL - Contralto
F. W. ELLIOTT - Tenor
EDWARD SCHAFER - Solo Pianist
All of whom are Artists of the Highest Reputation.

The concert is in aid of the Benevolent Fund of Court
Queen City, Canadian Order of Foresters.

Tickets 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL KLM STREET, NEAR YONGE, TORONTO.

This beautiful and attractive audience chamber, seating about five hundred, is on the ground floor, and is available for Lectures, Concerts, Musical Recitals, Banquets, Bazaars, Weddings, Receptions, Afternoon and Evening Social Entertainments, Sunday Services, etc.
Lighting, Heating, Ventilation and Acoustic properties excellent. Convenient Refreshment and Dressing Rooms, Lavatories, Kitchen with cooking range and other accessories. A smaller Room, seating about one hundred, also on the ground floor. Commodious and handsomely furnished Lodge and Meeting Rooms on the first and second floors. Rentals moderate. Apply to J. E. FELL, Secretary, On the premises.

Watson's Mexican Sweet Chocolate

is absolutely pure, nothing whatever being added but sugar and flavor. For icing cakes or making a cup of Good Chocolate it has no equal. Put up in 5 cent tablets. Try it.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

PRESTON

Preston Mineral Springs and Baths

Are a positive cure for Rheumatic and Nervous affections. Open the year round. The most beautiful place on earth to spend your summer vacation.

For particulars apply—R. WALTER, Proprietor, Preston, Ont.

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TRY ONE.

It is the greatest luxury known. Good for young or old, sick or well.

These baths are constructed on the most scientific principles and universally admitted to be the best on this continent. Send for pamphlet.

THE Davis School of Dancing

Corner Wilton Avenue (109) and Mutual Street

NOW FORMING...

Misses' and Masters' Class
Advanced Private Class
Ladies' Private Afternoon Class
Gentlemen

Church Street Care. Storage for Bicycles.
PROF. J. F. DAVIS.

"We ought to weigh well what we can decide but once."

How Necessary

the advice is when buying a piano.
Perfect safety rests with those who buy a piano bearing the name "HEINTZMAN & Co."

**Uprights
Baby Grands
Transposing
Pianos**
ALL THE BEST.

Heintzman & Co.
Toronto: 117 King St. West
Established 1850



OUR Pelee Island Wines are the best in the market. No wines shipped less than two years old. Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for our St. Augustine and Catawba Wines, and see that you get them.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO. Brantford, Ont.
Sole General and Export Agents.

Social and Personal.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mrs. Gundy of 240 Huron street on Wednesday evening last, it being the marriage of her daughter Elizabeth to Mr. J. Herbert Denton, barrister-at-law. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. R. Gundy of London, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. John Kay of Hamilton. The bride, who was charmingly attired in heavy brocaded satin trimmed with lace, was attended by her cousin, Miss Evelyn Pearson of Queensville, while Mr. R. W. Campbell acted in like capacity for the groom. After an elegant *dejeuner*, served by Webb, had been partaken of, the happy couple left for New York and other Eastern cities, followed by the best wishes of hosts of friends.

The numerous friends of Mr. William H. Black, formerly of Elliott & Co., now of Lanman & Kemp, New York, will doubtless congratulate him on learning of his recent marriage. On September 26 last at 370 West 120th street, he was united to one of the most charming women of Gotham, in the person of Miss Elizabeth M. Brown. The honeymoon is being spent in Boston and Nova Scotia.

Miss Mason of Ermeleigh gave a small informal luncheon on Friday of last week.

A very pretty wedding took place at Milton on Wednesday at the residence of Mr. Amos Dorland, it being the marriage of his daughter, Lena Marie, to Mr. John A. Henderson of Acton, son of Mr. D. Henderson, M.P. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Rae of Acton. An unusually gay assemblage of relations and friends were present at the ceremony. The bride was handsomely gowned in white *moire* trimmed with Irish lace and pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids, who were Miss Ella May Dorland, sister of the bride, and Miss Henderson, sister of the groom, were gowned in white *surah* silk and carried white roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. C. C. Henderson, and Mr. H. Henderson of Toronto. The gift to the bride from the groom was a crescent of pearls, and to the bridesmaids each a pin set with pearls. A number of very valuable presents were received by the bride. After partaking of an excellent supper the happy couple left on the 8.30 p.m. train for the West.

Mr. Kleiser's entertainment will be under the distinguished patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

The cleric who introduced Mrs. Mountford at her Sunday lecture was a little mixed in his latitudes when he thus delivered himself: "Oh Lord, as on the glorious fourth we celebrate our civil liberty, etc." One involuntarily gave thanks that the colonel was not in the audience—that colonel, I mean, who would have been compelled to straighten up the preacher's loyalty.

The At Home at Glenmore Kennels, given by Major Smith, president of the London Hunt Club, was one of the largest and most enjoyable events, so far, of the season. Mrs. Simpson Smith received the guests, and tea, coffee and light refreshments were partaken of under the grand old trees that help to make Glenmore so beautiful. The warm September day brought out a number of light summer gowns, while the pink coats of the riders gave a further touch of brightness to an already pretty scene. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Gibbons, who looked charming in a fawn colored gown with black *moire* sleeves and bonnet to match; the Misses Gibbons, Mrs. John Labatt, Miss Labatt, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Nicholson, who was very much admired in a lovely light silk with green trimmings, large black hat and feather box; Mrs. Harley Brown, who, as usual, looked most charming; Mrs. and Miss Macdonough, Miss McLimont, Colonel and Mrs. Gartshore of Hamilton, Miss Fraser, Miss Laura Richardson, who wore a pretty gray gown and black hat with pink roses; Mrs. and Miss Baddome, Miss Macfie, Miss Edge, who looked lovely in a dainty white frock and large hat with feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn, Miss Parke, in a white serge gown and black picture hat; Mrs. C. B. Hunt, Mr. and Miss Spry, Mr. and Mrs.

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Elegant Paris Bonnets—Exquisite Colorings, Becoming Shapes.

The New Hats—Which are worn large this season, in charming combinations of Velvet, Plumes and Jet, are worth seeing.

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On Friday evening, September 28, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Riggs of 16 Buchanan street celebrated their crystal wedding by a gathering of their friends, numbering about eighty. The evening was passed in a most enjoyable manner in dancing and playing cards. A most excellent repast was provided and the health of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs toasted in a style that plainly indicated their great popularity. The presents received occupied the entire space of one room, and were varied and beautiful. A great number of friends came from a distance to extend their congratulations to the host and hostess. Among those present were: Mr. J. W. Hynds, Mr. W. Hawking, Miss Nellie Westren, Miss Maud Riggs of Bronte, Miss Maud Best of Utica, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cross-

man, Mr. and Mrs. Perretti, Mr. A. W. Riggs and Miss Gertie Riggs, Mr. G. Brooks, Miss E. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. B. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. James Lovett, Mr. F. G. McCrany, Mrs. N. Huribert, Mr. Sheer, Mr. J. C. Pearson, Mr. Aylett, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Murray, Mrs. C. Warner, Mr. J. R. Fraser, Mr. John McCaffrey, Mr. H. Kent, the Misses Lytle, Mr. McMurry, Mr. G. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Crossman, Mrs. Norman and the Misses Norrhan, Miss Short, Mr. G. D. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Peatman, Mr. and Mrs. William Whitaker, Miss Ada Riggs, Mr. M. Lytle, Mr. John McBain, Mr. Walter Lytle, Mrs. B. Riggs and Miss Emma Riggs.

A Coffined Hero.

Blinker—I suppose you know that Walter Beaunt's last novel is about a corpse. Thinker—No, no. I guess I haven't seen it. Blinker—Beyond the Dream of Avarice, you know.

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- No. 3 Special { Finest ever brought to Toronto. Rare and extra fancy Russian Oolong Tea, the grade generally sent to Russia; this grade would ordinarily sell for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per lb.; our regular price \$1, special this week only 75c.
- No. 4 Special { Free demonstration of MacWillie's Dry Roast Pure Coffee at 80c. per lb., made in our one minute coffee pot.

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Births.

ORR—Sept. 29, Mrs. J. Orlando Orr—a son.
ATLEY—Sept. 29, Mrs. William Atley—a daughter.
DICKSON—Sept. 23, Mrs. F. V. Dickson—a son.
WATSON—Sept. 28, Mrs. J. T. Watson—a son.
SAMPSON—Sept. 27, Mrs. T. N. Sampson—a daughter.
THOMSON—Sept. 28, Mrs. J. T. Thomson—a daughter.
MORRIS—Hamilton, Mrs. R. S. Morris—a daughter.
KERR—Sept. 21, Mr. W. Kerr—a daughter.
WILKIE—Sept. 16, Mrs. George Wilkie—a daughter.
INCE—Sept. 16, Mrs. James Ince—a daughter.
WRIGHT—Hamilton, Mrs. Henry Wright—a daughter.
BURDEN—Sept. 24, Mrs. W. M. Burden—a son.
McLAUGHLIN—St. Thomas, Mrs. R. McLachlin—a son.

Marriages.

DENTON—GUNDY—On Wednesday, October 3 at the residence of the bride's mother, 240 Huron street, by Rev. J. R. Gundy of London, assisted by Rev. John Kay of Hamilton, James Herbert Denton, E. L. B., of Ogden Hall, barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. R. Gundy.
BLACK—BROWN—At New York, on Sept. 25, William H. Black, formerly of Toronto, to Elizabeth M. Brown.
BEAUMONT—LAWSO—Sept. 15, John Beaumont to Jennie Lawson.
HAYHURST—PALMER—Sept. 20, F. H. Hayhurst to Fannie Palmer.
JOHNSTON—KINGSMAN—Sept. 20, Hugh A. Johnston to Minerva Kingman.
JEFFREY—YOUNG—Sept. 25, Charles Fraser J. Jeffrey to Marion A. Young.
LOCHRIE—MAGILLIVRAY—Sept. 2, D. A. Lochrie to Elsie Magillivray.
SMITH—CROSBY—Sept. 27, James H. Smith to Ella Crosby.
HENDERSON—DORLAND—Sept. 2, John A. Henderson to Lena Marie Dorland.
LEWIS—DENNE—Oct. 1, M. Lewis to Maud Denne.
GARDNER—TENNANT—Oct. 3, James Gardner to Winnie Tennant.
ROSS—LINDSAY—Oct. 3, R. H. Ross to M. G. Lindsay.

Deaths.

WALTON—Sept. 29, William Walton, aged 60.
MARTIN—Sept. 30, Edith J. Martin, aged 15.
GRAHAM—Sept. 30, George Graham, aged 74.
BESMER—Oct. 1, Henry Besmer, aged 83.

HANCOCK—Sept. 29, Thomas Hancock, aged 70.
TOWERS—Sept. 30, Mrs. John Towers, aged 70.
HASKAYNE—Sept. 30, James J. Haskayne, aged 83.
STOKES—Sept. 29, Martha B. Stokes.
WILSON—Sept. 28, Maryann Wilson, aged 70.
SHEPHERD—Sept. 28, William A. Shepherd.

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